Vol. CIII.—No. 1333] JULY 3, 1929 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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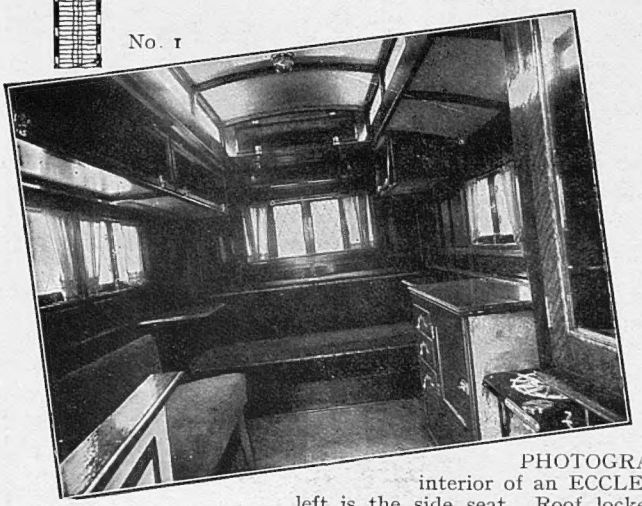

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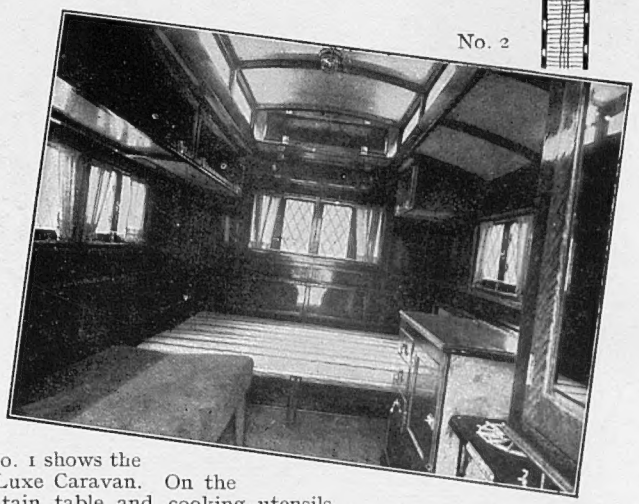

PHOTOGRAPH No. 1 shows the interior of an ECCLES De-Luxe Caravan. On the left is the side seat. Roof lockers contain table and cooking utensils held in rattleproof devices. Bottom half of door opens inwards. On the right is the wardrobe with bevel-plate mirror, double burner cooking stove, cupboard and washbowl —lid lifts up to give access to bowl in metal tray. Across the front is a comfortable settee.

PHOTOGRAPH No. 2 is a view of the same caravan ready for the night. Side seat is pulled out flat to form bed; table hinged away; settee turned over to form our patented double bed. There are lockers under the beds for bedclothes.

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No. 1335. Vol. CIII

The BYSTANDER

MISS MARGARET CAMPBELL

One of the prettiest debutantes of the Season. Her father, Mr. Nigel Campbell, is Joint Master of the Old Berkeley Hunt and a regular rider to hounds . . . . . .

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The Passing Hour

Peter North

READY FOR THE GREAT AMERICAN INVASION

The British and the French Atlantic liners are busy bringing over hordes of American visitors to this country on their annual summer visit, and seen above are two of the French Line's chief vessels, the S.S. France (left) and the S.S. Paris, in the harbour at New York. The French Line's vessels steam direct from New York to Plymouth, and thus save valuable time by "cutting off the corner"

His Majesty Comes Back

THE return of the King and the opening of Parliament create the impression of a Season unspent rather than one that is three-quarters done with. The information of the King's return to Buckingham Palace came as a complete surprise to all but Their Majesties' immediate entourage. On the morning of the announcement I happened to be doing my best to persuade some New York friends that there are some vestiges of amusement in London night life after midnight, when an early edition of a morning paper was brought to the table. In it was the first news of the Royal return, and as we read it the carafes of anæmic near-orangeade assumed the buoyancy of champagne, and forthwith the Americans graciously raised their glasses and drank to the renewed health of "your King."

Nearly one hundred per cent. "Amurrica" is represented at the Shakespeare Summer Festival, which opened at Stratford-on-Avon on July 1 Above is seen Miss Joyce Bland, who is one of the cleverest of the Festival players

London and the provinces are well stocked with Transatlantic visitors just now, though too many make straight for Havre and Paris, unwilling to be subjugated to the puritanical tyranny that denies us a reasonable licence of enjoyment. Americans have to suffer enough restriction in their own country without wishing to endure the same privations over here. They can, and do, evade Prohibition; we only sit down and submit to it. Pity that not one of the three—or is it four?—political parties has the courage to amend our vexatious licensing laws.

The City Suspicious

IN all fairness we should perhaps thank Labour for giving Parliament that spice of interest which has been lacking without an effective Opposition during the past four years. It was this absence of Parliamentary competition that was responsible for comparative apathy towards the election. Now, with the possibility of anything happening at St. Stephen's, there is a return of a more general participation in the life of the Commons, though

"A SOUND OF REVELRY BY NIGHT"

for this entertainment the country is already paying dearly. Like a hedgehog with all its prickles on guard, the City is waiting and watching Labour's intentions towards Capital, and not all Mr. MacDonald's soft words can shake their profound suspicion of his future behaviour. Meanwhile, industry is cramped by shortage of new investments. Capitalists, and when all is said and done the country is suffering in part to-day from their black deeds of the last century, might do much to undermine Labour antagonism by increasing the profit-sharing system, or, as many companies are now doing, making over a part of any new issues to their employees. In this wise Individualism can defeat Socialism.

A Carnival Week of Entertainment

MY eyelids blink and even droop at the recollection of the past week's nocturnal festivities. So many dances, so many dinners, the debutantes below their feathers, and the dowagers very much above themselves in the pride of authority. The last Courts were amazingly cosmopolitan, with a big sprinkling of Eastern ladies and gentlemen, Indian, Siamese, Egyptians, Persians, and Turks, and in their native dresses the white of the English women was overshadowed.

On With the Dance

THE Kindersley-Guinness wedding started the carnival, if so it can be called. Not for some time will St. Margaret's, Westminster, be so crowded and even the spacious Guinness mansion in Grosvenor Place seemed to bulge under the pressure of guests. Order and organisation prevailed even to the extent of footmen handing bags of confetti round so that the bride and bridegroom might receive the customary baptism. The night following saw a clash of some half-dozen dances, with the Prince of Wales at the League of Mercy Ball, the Duke and Duchess of York at the Austrian Minister's reception, Princess Ingrid of Sweden at Lady Sassoon's dance, and Lady Ludlow's *musicale* at Bath House, with Chaliapin to entertain. Then, of course, there was the much-trumpeted party on board the old sailing ship that is moored at Charing Cross Pier. Though the invitation was to embark for "Cythera," the good ship never once budged from her moorings, and the rigging creaked protestingly against the unusual strain of under-clad young men who flung themselves from rope to rope and spar to spar. It was a

AT THE HUNGARIA RIVER CLUB, MAIDENHEAD

The new riverside club is packed with Society and Bohemia every week-end. The above scene was sketched by Miss Helen McKie in the restaurant, but dancing also takes place on the glass floor in the gardens by the beautiful river

Lenare

Miss C. M. J. Biss, whose marriage to Capt. A. G. S. Muntz, M.C., will take place this month, is the daughter of the late Gerald Biss, the well-known author

Lenare

Lady Victoria Haig, the second daughter of the late Field-Marshal the Earl Haig and of Lady Haig. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Claud Andrew Montagu-Douglas-Scott

"COMMEM." AND THE "CRASHERS"

By Helen McKie

Lenare

Miss Violet St. Aubyn, who is engaged to Mr. Raymond Lort Phillips, Reserve of Officers, Scots Guards. She is the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Guy St. Aubyn

Dorothy Wilding

The Hon. Aileen Craig, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Craigavon, whose engagement to Lieut.-Commander R. G. H. Linzee, R.N., has been announced

fancy dress party, inspiration to be taken from Watteau, but nowadays such routs seem to be seized upon not so much for fancy dressing as for fancy undressing. [No doubt under the influence of Dean Inge's appeal for dress reform, one young man at this party was only separated from the rude—or the nude, I should say—by a bathing slip.] There was a cosmopolitan and bohemian mixture of guests, that included Mr. Augustus John, his beard powdered blue; Mr. C. B. Cochran, who did not stay long enough to take his overcoat off; the Baddeley sisters, greeted with rapturous cries from their friends; Mrs. Keigwin, distinctive in crinoline and curls; the Hon. Nancy Mitford and the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Waugh, whose husband has isolated himself in the country in an attempt to excel his first novel success, "Decline and Fall." For the debutantes there were decorous dances every night, and a pretty cluster of them were gathered together in Hyde Park Gardens for Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Schweder's dance for their daughter Rosemary, though others more mature, such as Mr. Eddie Tatham, Prince Ali Khan, Lady Falkland, the Master of Falkland, and Mrs. Corey, were also permitted to enjoy themselves.

"Commemoration" Dances at Oxford

Oxford has just recovered from its annual week of Commemoration balls and once again shaken off the disturbing influence of invading beauty, though the disturbance caused by the increasingly high average of pretty undergraduettes remains a great distraction to the serious studies of the young men! Wadham College, I hear, was the scene of intensive dancing on the night of its "Commem." ball, some three hundred dancing in the old hall, where the pictures of Blake and Wren and Lord Birkenhead and Sir John Simon looked down from the walls upon the night's festivities, upon supper made by the College chef's own hands, and a *décor* of love-in-the-mist and white carnations. Amongst the three hundred were the Warden of Wadham and Mrs. Stenning, Lord David Cecil, Mr. Robinson Davies, on whom were the onerous duties of organisation; the Dean of Wadham, whose party included Lady Mary Grey and Miss Rachel MacCarthy, and Mr. A. T. Miller, K.C. "Crashers," I am told, "were rigorously excluded," which seems a pity, for if I remembered rightly half the fun of Commemoration balls is to "crash" in

"STAR" WORSHIPPERS AT WIMBLEDON

Lenare

Miss Gelda MacGregor, of Cardney, Dunkeld, who is in Town for the Season. She took part in the Romance of History Ball, held at Claridge's recently

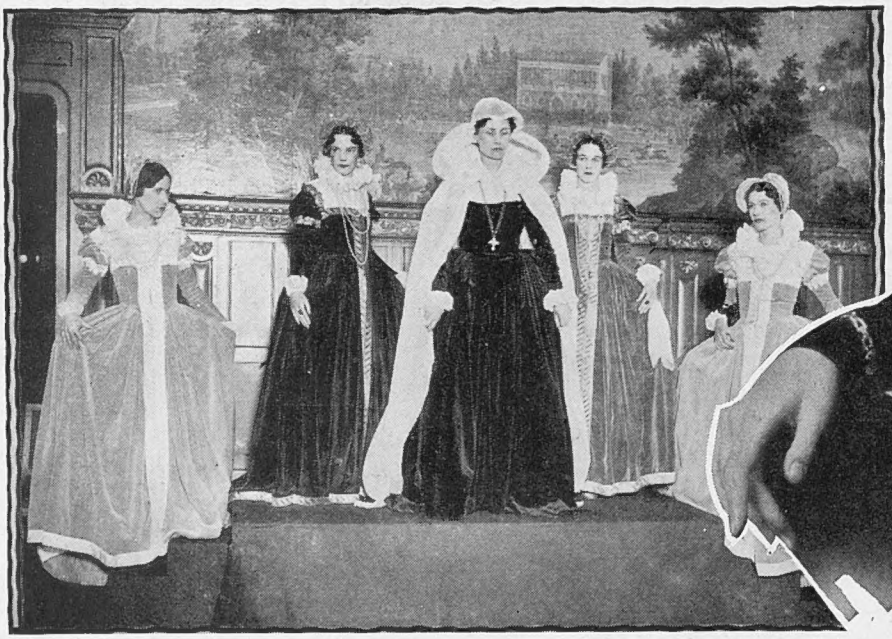
on as many as are taking place; in fact, a mutual "crash" all round. At Maidenhead, on Ascot Sunday, where I dined amidst the delightful surroundings of the Hungaria River Club, which provides an ideal retreat from the noise and fatigue of Town, a friend told me that the Rhodes Trust have bought part of the garden of Wadham College for the use of Rhodes scholars. Rhodes scholars, incidentally, are to be entertained by Lady Astor at Cliveden, Taplow, on July 9.

All Eyes on the Centre Court

WIMBLEDON changes little. Despite its electric score signs, its loudspeaker, its struggle to maintain the patrician traditions of Worple Road when the lawn tennis court had not become the universal playground, and the cheaper Press had more conscience than to devote its space to such stupidities as to whether or not women players should wear stockings. Despite all this, however, Wimbledon changes hardly at all.

The one person for whom I have envy during the Wimbledon fortnight is ex-King Manoel of Portugal. Hardly a day passes without his taking a seat in the Committee box. At the current value of European monarchies I would say it were worth a brace of crowns to have such opportunity of watching first-class lawn tennis. Lady Oxford and Asquith enjoys the same privileges, but ex-Prime Ministers are treated scantily enough without grudging her such amenity.

Borotra worship—I say it in no disparaging sense—remains as constant as ever, and his appearance on court coincides with an applause one usually associates with the Prince of Wales, and another burst of clapping always greets the donning



Sport and General

Hay Wrightson

In the photograph on the left is seen Lady Carlisle as she appeared as Mary Queen of Scots at the Romance of History Ball at Claridge's. The ladies-in-waiting were represented by the Hon. Mary Ruthven (left), Miss Molly Le Bas, Mrs. G. Le Bas and the Hon Mrs. Barran. On the right is the Marquise de Casa Maury, who appeared as Queen Isabella of Spain at the same ball

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK

L.N.A.

The twelve bridesmaids who attended Miss Oonagh Guinness at her wedding at St. Magaret's, Westminster, to Mr. Philip Kindersley. They are Lady Brigid Guinness, Miss Grania Guinness, Miss Maureen Guinness, the sister of the bride, Miss Bettine Russell, the bride's cousin, Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere, the Hon. Anne Wood, Lady Honor Guinness, the bride's cousin, the Misses Valerie and Essex French, Miss Betty Williams, Miss Helen Woodman and Miss Betty Kindersley, the bridegroom's sister

Mr. Philip Kindersley, the youngest son of Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, Miss Oonagh Guinness, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness. The bride wore a Tudor gown of cream satin with a long trained skirt heavily embroidered with pearls

of his beret. That a certain intentional by-play now aids his usual spontaneity is inevitable in any one so completely the hero of his audience. When his brother Edouard came over last year, he was amazed at Jean's popularity, but then France has a far too accurate sense of values to idolise any *champion de tennis*. At the time of writing it almost appears that " Bunny " Austin may yet give us the chance of possessing a player who can defeat the prowess of France and America. If his stamina can withstand the strain he can certainly bring back a championship to England in the future. He is one of the few players that I saw using an orthodox back-hand stroke. It was surprising that so many of the competitors ranked as first-class were comparatively drawing from an armoury of luck on their back-hand. Hardly one was observing any book-rule method, but hitting as it suited them. It is Austin's classic style that will be a principal factor in upsetting his opponent's more easily acquired game.

The Return of " Mozart "

At the first night of the revival of *Mozart* I found myself sitting next the young French player, Gentien, who was defeated by the promising young American, John Van Ryn. Next him were Lady Wavertree, unchanging down the years in her adherence to lawn tennis and lawn tennis players, and Jacques Brugnon. For these two French players it must have been an unexpected pleasure to listen to their own language in a London theatre. Even those who do not understand French find that the fascination of Yvonne Printemps predisposes any necessity of appreciating the dialogue. After *Mariette* one is driven into making comparisons with its successor, *Mozart,* in the Guitry season. Both have an equal amount of fanciful romance

COWES AND THE SCHNEIDER CUP

Express Photo

A RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME

Harrow boys cheering the Duke and Duchess of York on their visit to the school. The Duke inspected the new Terrace Gardens and Steps, which provide another entrance to the Bill Yard and Old School

LADIES-IN-WAITING *I.B.*

The crowd, composed largely of women and schoolgirls, waiting for the gates to open at Wimbledon. Schoolgirls in particular are "Betty" fans and follow the fortunes of their favourite with the keenest interest

tempered with Guitry and Gallic cynicism, both have an equally Guitry-esque story, but in *Mozart* the music of Reynaldo Hahn has not the lyrical exuberance of Johann Strauss's accompaniment to *Mariette*, and neither does one carry away from *Mozart* such a bouquet of pleasant sentiment as from *Mariette*. Lady Cunard, ever faithful in her admiration of the Guitrys, was in a box, where also was Lord Reading. Lady Cunard later pursued the evening's pleasure at Lord and Lady Beauchamp's residence, Halkyn House, which this Monday witnessed the gathering of the Liberals before the reopening of Parliament. Lady Beauchamp's elder daughters acted as hostesses for their dance, to which came all the more outstanding and distinguished of this season's debutantes, such as Lady Helen and Lady Margaret Stewart, chaperoned by their mother, Lady Londonderry; Lady Bridget Parsons with her brother, young Lord Rosse; Lady Bridget Poulett and Princess Ingrid of Sweden, with her aunt, Lady Patricia Ramsay.

Schneider Cup Excitement

COWES has been showing increasing activity since Ascot, and the vicinity has been alive with small and large craft during recent week-ends. I hear that demands for houses and hotel accommodation at places that have an advantageous view of the Schneider Cup course have developed into something of a scramble among those anxious to entertain and to see the contest for the seaplane cup. Quite modest villas are asking as much as twenty to thirty guineas a week for September. Over half a million went to the Adriatic when it was raced there in 1927, and there will probably be treble that number on the Solent. I am told that already the air is made hideous by the sound of our machines practising for the race, and residents are inclined to wish that the race were already over. Those who have any friends at Ryde, Seaview, Lee-on-Solent, should at once attempt friendly preliminaries on the chance of eliciting an invitation, though I hear most people already have a waiting list! Lady Cynthia Colville is at Cowes for a few weeks, and recent visitors to their yachts have been Lord Normanton, Colonel Sir John Gretton, M.P., and Lord

(*Continued on page* 10)

NOTABILITIES at the HORSE SHOW

BY "MUNDO"

Above is seen a sextette of celebrities who fell to our artist "Mundo's" pencil at the Horse Show at Olympia. In the back row on the left is Mr. Claud F. Goddard, next to whom is the romantic figure of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, whilst on the right Major W. Gore-Lambarde is seen entering the arena. On the left of the front row is the spruce Mr. Bertram W. Mills, whose love of horses is equalled only by his loyalty to the circus, and next to him is the ubiquitous Lord Lonsdale, whilst on the right that genial publicity expert, Major E. O. Leadlay, M.C., armed with a cigar, views the arena and the crowded seats with justifiable satisfaction

OUR COSMOPOLITAN COURTS

Wide World

Mrs. Ganesekaro and Miss Doreen Ganesekaro, from Ceylon, waiting in the Mall before being presented

Keystone

Three American debutantes. They are Miss Natalie Coe, Miss Lillian Sanger and Miss Frances Barclay

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Mrs. Henry Mond, who was presented last week. She is the daughter-in-law of Lord Melchett

Albemarle. Lord Camoys has taken a place at Brading in order to be sure of a good view of the sea-plane race in September.

A Flying Dance

THE Duke of Sutherland, a most certain visitor to the scene of the Schneider Cup, is to receive the guests, with the Duchess of Sutherland, at the first official Civil Aviation Ball, which is to take place on the Ice Rink of Grosvenor House on July 19. Air Vice-Marshal Sir William Sefton Brancker is president, though whether, as would be most suitable, he is to take a part in the midnight pageant that will portray the story of flying, I do not know; anyway, a feature will be a background of youth and beauty taken from London's lovelier young women, and Anna May Wong is to fly over from Berlin to conduct a "Gambling Hell" for the occasion.

A Liberal Candidate

OWING to an error a photograph which appeared in a recent issue of the unsuccessful Liberal candidate for Chiswick was described as being of Capt. John Henderson. The gentleman in question is Mr. John Stevenson, and, far from having any cause to change his name, has made it well known in the City, for he is the General Secretary to the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers and Landed Property Agents. We are very sorry to have unwittingly given Mr. Stevenson a wrong nomenclature.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

There were three nice winners last week in the list of horses to follow. They were: Lanson (5 to 1), Old Friend (6 to 1) and Bucks Hussine (4 to 1).

Here are six more likely winners to put in the book.

MUSICAL PRINCE

(Ch. G., by Prince Galahad—Head Note). Owner, Mr. A. Gemmell. Trainer, T. Leader. On his running at Folkestone, when finishing third to Porporino in the Chatham Handicap (six furlongs), this gelding showed that he still retains his speed. He was backed, and, no doubt, will be placed by his popular trainer to retrieve the losses.

PRESS GANG

(Ch. C., by Hurry On—Fifinella). Owner, Lord Woolavington. Trainer, F. Darling. When all the rage for the New Stakes (five furlongs) at Ascot, this well-bred colt had very bad luck in running, and was beaten two lengths by Blenheim, the latter being well away from the "gate." Must be followed in any company.

SARDANA

(B.F., by Sardanapale—Marguerite). Owner, Mr. J. A. De Rothschild. Trainer, Pratt. On her first appearance on a racecourse was only beaten half-a-length by Teacup in the Windsor Castle Stakes (five furlongs) at Ascot, with a good class field in the rear. Having had her eyes opened, will go one better next time out.

KODAK

(B.F., by Blink—Pictura). Owner, Mr. J. L. Dugdale. Trainer, Peacock. Was well supported, from an inspired quarter, to win the Wokingham Stakes (six furlongs) at Ascot. Made nearly all the running, but could not quite last the stiff six furlongs, and finished fourth. She will pay to follow.

XENOPHOBE

(B.C., by Blue Ensign—Xanader). Owner, Mr. W. A. Chanler. Trainer, Persse. A heap of money was invested on this colt, when backed to lose his maiden certificate in the Champney Plate (one mile two furlongs), won by Pianola at Gatwick. He did not run up to expectations. Make a special note to be on next time out.

ELSA

(B.F., by Ellangowan—Georgia). Owner, Lord Wyfold. Trainer, Persse. In the race won by Peradventure, the Grandstand Handicap (five furlongs) at Beverley, this filly was never in the race with a chance. Big commissions returned from the "offices" for her, and I expect the money lost on this occasion will soon be regained.

BY LESLIE P. MARCHANT

"THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS"

MEN OF ACTION

W. F. COEN
(U.S.A.)

Sport and Genera'

F. T. HUNTER
(U.S.A.)

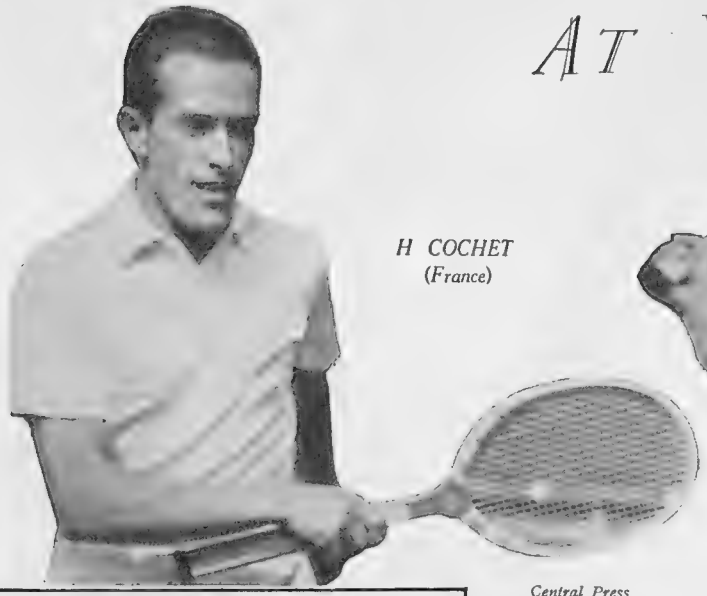
Express Phot

JEAN BOROTRA
(France)

Central Press

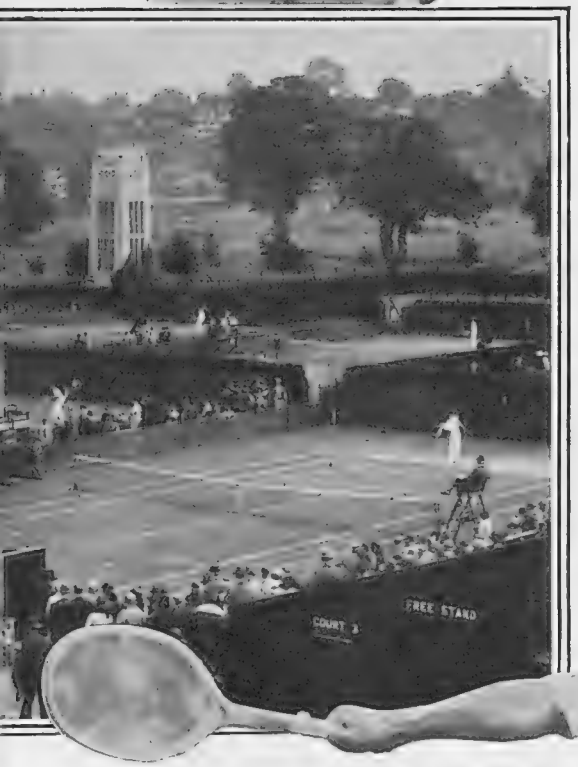
SOME of the outstanding players in the Championships at Wimbledon this year are seen on these pages. America is making a determined bid to wrest the Men's Singles from France, although they suffered two early reverses in the loss of F. T. Hunter, who fell before the attack of H. W Austin, and of J. Van Ryn, the "dark horse," who was beaten by J. Brugnon.

AT WIMBLEDON



H COCHET
(France)

Central Press



Planet News

W T TILDEN
(U.S.A.)

DR. J. C GREGORY
(G. B.)

Sport and Genera.

DESPITE the absence of René Lacoste, France has a strong contingent in the field, and Jean Borotra, the acrobatic, H. Cochet, and J. Brugnon must always form a formidable trio.

GREAT BRITAIN, although her chances of having a representative in the final of the Men's Singles are far from good, has every cause for satisfaction in the improved form shown by such players as Dr. J. C. Gregory and H. W. Austin. And the Men's Doubles Championships are still on the knees of the gods!

AT THE PLAY

Galsworthian Gloom and Marital Muddles

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Sketches of "Exiled" at Wyndham's Theatre by H. H. HARRIS

"Exiled" at Wyndham's Theatre

IT seems to me that John Galsworthy's cunning in concocting plays deserted him when he was writing *Exiled*. It appeared as if the dramatist had aimed at several targets and missed the lot!

AT the back of his mind, I think, was the idea of showing England muddling through, but he has attempted to reveal so many sides to this question that he has muddled through his play!

IN form *Exiled* resembles the old-fashioned melodrama that used to delight our fathers at Drury Lane, which, in those days, had more right to be labelled "the national theatre" than it has now. Here is the ruined squire; the hard-hearted financier; the tramp who lamed the wrong horse, and "comic relief" in the shape of a secretary who always says "quate" when she means "quite."

HERE are the bookmaker and his clerk; the pert young girl of to-day; a lady of the streets, and miners out of work to provide a crowd and almost a row—but not quite, or even quate. Variety of characters in plenty, but differing from the old form in that they are not painted in vivid colours, but one and all dipped in the dull grey of Galsworthian philosophy.

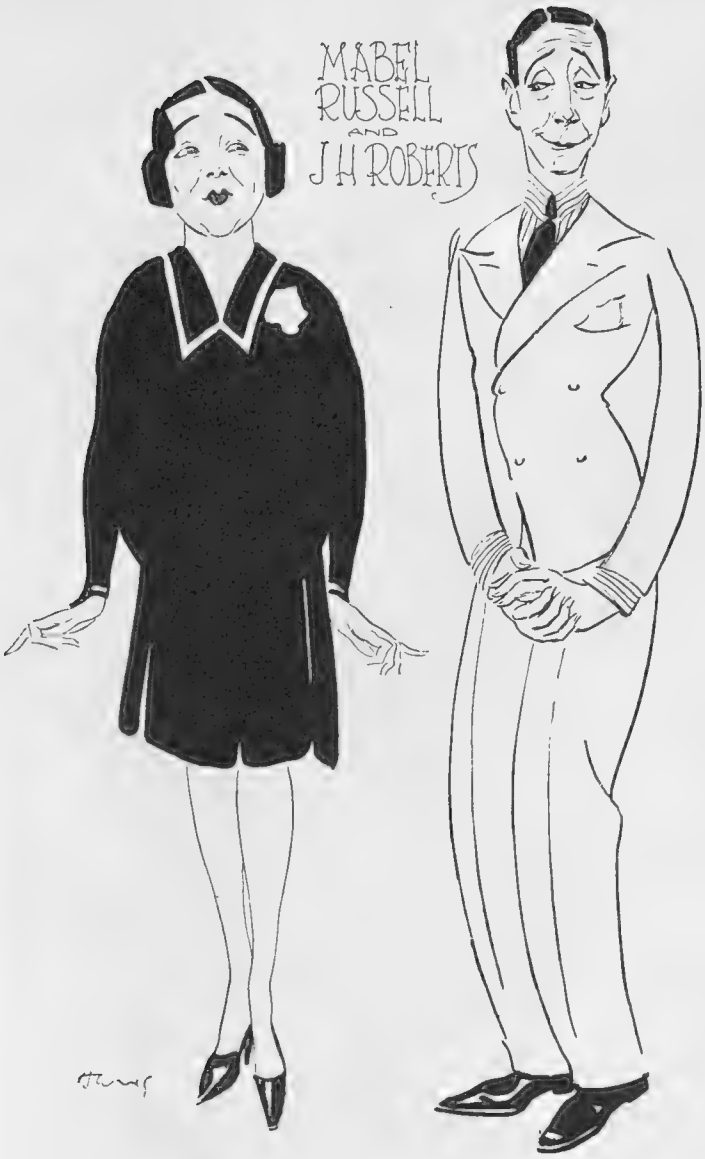
IT is because these characters are so grey—with the exception of the rather painful comic relief—that the cast appeared to be afraid to let themselves go, and the funereal pace at which the piece was played did not help matters. Only one scene struck me as having any "punch" in it, and that was when Sir John Mazer, "the King of Industry," faced angry miners who had been thrown out of employment by his action and defended himself. Here Edmund Gwenn "dug his teeth into it" with great effect.

J. H. ROBERTS, in his quiet way, was excellent in the thankless part of a most peculiar photographer, and even carried himself with dignity when taking part in a supremely farcical scene when Sir John Mazer poses for him. Lewis Casson was suitably depressed as a ruined baronet. Brember Wills was even more depressed as a tramp, but Una O'Connor made a vivid picture of a consumptive street-walker. A brother dramatic critic is very angry because bad notices have been given to *Exiled*, and suggests that any old play which has love of England—as distinct from Scotland, Wales and, I suppose, Ireland—as its theme is always sneered at. This, I think, is unfair. Rather would I suggest that English audiences—and English critics, too—resemble those schoolboys in "Stalky and Co.," who were made to feel supremely uncomfortable when, on speech day, a politician waved a Union Jack and "Trafalgar Squared" them!

"The Stranger Within" at the Garrick Theatre

CONTRAST on the stage is always a safe card to play. Crane Wilbur, an American actor, has done it in *The Stranger Within*, a full-blooded melodrama evidently written with the idea of giving a leading lady a chance of showing her paces.

THE leading lady in question is a revue actress who, thanks to a railway accident, finds herself dumped down into a psalm-singing farmer's family in the middle West where, unfortunately, one of the sons not only cultivates corn, but sows a wild oat—this particular oat being an attack on the virtue of the heroine, who has previously married his younger brother and presented him with a baby which was not his. The baby is killed in a



struggle, and the last act turns on who was responsible!

But before this occurs the heroine has had a chance of showing herself injured in the train smash; in love with the young farmer; confessing that she has been seduced to his dumb and paralytic father; showing the old gentleman how she did her turn at a cabaret; revealing mother love; spurning the attentions of the villain; going mad in an Ophelian scene and believing that her babe is still alive, and finally emerging triumphant, but minus the baby, out of all her troubles. Olga Lindo plays this showy part and does it excellently. She was ably assisted by Malcolm Keen, the bad brother, Lawrence Olivier, the good one, and by Reginald Bach as the paralysed papa in the longest thinking part on record!

"This Thing Called Love" at the Apollo Theatre

Once again a comedy concerning marriage. American dramatists appear to find it difficult to leave this theme alone, but when it is treated as amusingly as Edwin Burke does it in *This Thing Called Love* there can be but small cause for complaint.

For reasons connected with business a young married couple outwardly compose their differences in order to impress a millionaire guest invited to dinner. The millionaire arrives from the wilds of Peru and is delighted with the picture of domestic felicity displayed, little knowing that just previously his jealous hostess has threatened to smack the face of a female guest asked to the house—also for business reasons—by her husband. A course of conduct hardly likely to make a dinner party a success!

The millionaire proposes to his hostess's sister, but she has qualms of conscience, believing that this proposal was brought about by (1) this concocted picture of married bliss and (2) cocktails. Later on she accepts him—but on conditions. The argument used is that the fonder couples get of each other the more they quarrel, and that, therefore, in order to preserve their happiness she will become his "business" wife—complete with thumping salary! She will return to her own flat to sleep, but for the rest of the twenty-four hours she will look after her husband's creature comforts, and, this platonic offer being accepted, she *does* look after them, including such details as the precise scent of lavender salts for the bath and the right touch of absinthe in the cocktail! What a wife!

One other important condition is attached to the contract. Both can "go their own way." In other words, each can find an entertaining partner of the opposite sex if it pleases them. Both do!

It would be almost a disappointment were the obvious not to happen. They fall in love with each other, and, having done so, they begin to quarrel! They call each other nasty names, a thing which had never happened previously. "Idiot" and "Liar" are bandied about as in the homes of all happily married couples! Finally, it requires a touch of melodrama to bring the two together and to chance the luck of true married life—quarrels and all.

There has been much diversity of opinion concerning this play. Some critics have not had a good word to say for it. Others found it quite amusing. I was one of the latter, for the American author, Edwin Burke, possesses a nice sense of humour and a gift for writing dialogue which is dramatically humorous.

The acting was good in spots. Robert Loraine, who plays the millionaire, did so with a deft lightness of touch which was most exhilarating—a change indeed from some of his earlier efforts at this theatre, when he appeared to wallow in the gloom of Strindberg. The girl he marries is played by Marjorie Mars, and it is the best performance she has given so far, but this clever young actress has still quite a lot to learn before she becomes a first-rate comedienne.

For once in a way there was a butler in this play who looked and behaved like a butler. It is not a big part, but Rupert Lister made the most of it. Henry Forbes-Robertson and Kathleen Grace, as the young married couple who quarrel, had a hard task, for, as the curtain rose, they were in the midst of a stand-up row, and had to strike a top note without preparation. Both did it well.

V. W.

TWIN STARS OF CABARET

Sasha

The pretty Tosh Twins, who have been delighting visitors at the Piccadilly Hotel Revels, are the daughters of an Army Colonel in India. The feature of their performance is high kicking and cartwheels with hands joined

"Squirts a lot of scent over herself"

VAMPS AND HOUNDS

Illustrated by KIPPA

HAVE you seen the Beltran-Masse Exhibition? The women are too wonderful, just the type that one's mothers labelled on sight as "not nice," and when they saw them they turned their eyes the other way and thanked Heaven (or lamented, if they were honest) for the fact that they were so "nice" themselves. I don't care for the pictures myself, because they are so terribly obvious. An obviously wicked woman is the dullest thing in the world. Directly you see a female with slant eyes, a white skin, scarlet lips, and wreathed in bizarre jewelry, you know that she is a "vamp." As a rule, in addition, she doesn't wash much, but squirts a lot of scent over herself and slaps on another layer of powder to cover the dust and grime. It would be so much cleverer to dress in a good tweed and to wear thick stockings and then to be a "vamp." You would catch the average man unawares. He would regard you as a potential wife and mother, and tenderly picture you rocking the "lit-tel one" when, hey presto! he would be vamped before he knew where he was. I suppose that a vamp never lapses into maternity? This is a deeply interesting question, but I am not certain as to who could supply me with the answer, whether it would be the Bishop of London or the Curator of the Zoo.

THERE is, to me, something extremely soothing about dancing and dining at the Carlton. Perhaps because it is really dancing and dining, not walking on other people's toes and gulping down half-cold food. You can dance at the Carlton, your new Lelong model can be seen and admired without being torn to ribbons, and you will see the really "smart" (awful word) women who know good cooking when they find it. I have been to too many real cabarets to be very much enthralled by the rather tiresome imitations that you get in Paris and London, where everybody appears to be trying to feel extremely wicked. To be virtuous and to wish to be wicked is quite devastating, particularly if no other opportunity presents itself than that afforded by an imitation cabaret.

JUST after the War Constantinople was the place where you could amuse yourself in the evenings, if you knew where to go. I had a great friend who knew as much and a little over about that side of life as is good for anybody. We went to odd little places tucked away in dirty back streets where Russian women, whose voices used to bring them in a fortune, sang for a dinner and what they could get. During the evening they would bring you a priceless sable coat and ask you to buy it; and there was no fake about it, either; it was the best sable, and lots of people bought them at starvation prices. I bought one for twenty guineas—and left it in the train on the way home! "Constant." (as you called it when you wanted to show how well you knew it) was flooded with cocaine and hashish and that type of drug. A large majority of the people you saw in these underground lairs were confirmed morphineuses, or cocaine-sniffers, and pretty nasty objects they looked.

THERE are certain cabarets in Rio where you can get a little quiet fun, if you wish. I once saw a man knifed in one of these places by a lady whom he had loved and deserted. It was over quite quickly. There was a frightful lot of noise and excitement, and then everything went on as before. But, as I say, in London I prefer to go to a place like the Carlton, where I can see the *beau-monde* and air my new gowns, and be seen—which is, after all, the only reason for wearing something new. I am not suggesting that the *maîtres d'hôtel* in this country should provide cocaine and a murdered man or two, but for goodness sake, while we do live in England, let us be dignified and spacious and all the things that England can be to perfection.

HENLEY is the most *echt* English function that ever existed. I am never certain whether I really enjoy it or not, chiefly because one's clothes are such a problem. If an English summer was what the poets sing about it would be charming, but as a rule, having brought one or two lovely chiffons and *crêpes de Chine*, you wake up and find the rain descending in long grey sheets. You have spent all your money on your fluffy clothes, so you have nothing else to wear but a good winter tweed, which is distinctly "not in the picture." That is where the millionaires score, for they can afford those lovely garments, which do for all occasions and are so devastatingly difficult to

find. There are only two answers, I have discovered, to the question, "Where did you get that heavenly 'three-piece' affair?" One is: "Oh, my dear, it's years old, a perfect rag. It's a little thing my dressmaker, who lives in Clapham, made me"; or else, "Oh, it's that model of Chanel. Everybody's wearing it."

EITHER answer leaves the questioner exactly where she was before. If it is the work of a little dressmaker you may be quite sure that you will not be told her name; and if it comes from Chanel you cannot afford it. So, unless you have a very deep purse, Henley is a doubtful pleasure if the weather is uncertain. I confess that the river usually leaves me cold, both mentally and physically. The brightest young man cannot rouse me, when the rousing has to be done in a boat, which wobbles about and, more than likely, lets in the water; and I hate a proposal which is the aftermath of "cup" and salmon mayonnaise. However, I must not abuse Henley, because lots of people regard it as one of the most delightful functions of the year; and at any rate you do see, what you can find nowhere else in perfection, dozens of clean, athletic young men and crowds of lovely girls, who are lovely not because of their features, but because of their complexions and their healthy minds.

"It was over quite quickly"

I KNOW it is the fashion to say that the modern girl drinks too many cocktails and does this and that, but the cocktail-drinking young woman is the product of that flotsam and jetsam which hovers on the fringe of what is known, for want of a better word, as "Society." You do not find her amongst the girls that the "old" houses entertain for Henley. As a rule, they drink as little as their mothers did; in fact, the only difference between them is that they play better tennis and golf and are a little less hampered by restrictions.

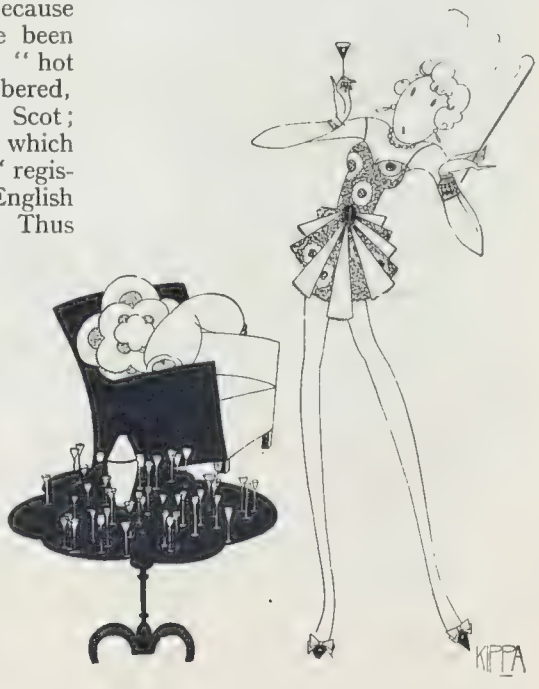
THE Fourth of July is the American Day of Independence. It is customary to eat turkey and cranberry sauce and to rejoice exceedingly. Perhaps most English people don't realise that the rejoicings take place because on that day America broke away from England and became a separate State. I knew this vaguely, but on one Fourth of July I happened to be staying in America with some charming people who were terribly worried as to what to do. They felt it was very impolite to consume large helpings of turkey to celebrate the fact that they no longer belonged to the same nation as their guest. I didn't quite like to tell them not to consider me, as I was sure that we were very glad to be quit of America, because that, also, would hardly have been gracious. We were all quite "hot and bothered" when I remembered, mercifully, that I was really a Scot; so they procured me a haggis, which I ate with much joy, and "registered" the fact that I was not English by wearing a tartan skirt. Thus honour was satisfied and the amenities were preserved.

THE Horse and Hound Show is being held at Aldershot on July 5th. It is one of the very nicest functions, because nowhere else in the world will you find quite such a gathering; and could anything be more representative of England than horses and hounds?

ONE of the best riders to hounds, as well as a judge of their points, is Lady Chesham, who is dark and lovely. Judging hounds is rather a specialised affair, as what would be wrong in another breed of dog is right for them. For instance, a good hound stands over at the knee, a state of affairs which would make an all-round judge fall into a swoon, because, of course, when you have been judging for a long time you get so into the habit of expecting to find things "just so" that any violent change will, in the nature of things, provide a shock undreamed of in the philosophy of the mere onlooker. To the ordinary observer hounds are rather "soppy," foolish beasts; but there is a terrible true tale of the new huntsman who, hearing a certain pack making a terrific noise one night, got up and went into the kennels to rate them. Next morning he was found dead.

However, you can visit the show quite gaily, because the hounds won't be thirsting for your blood, I promise you.

Chloe



"The modern girl drinks too many cocktails"

BY FOUET

"THIRD PARTY RISKS"

IF GOSSIP

By Edna Clayton

An impression of the cheery Gracie Fields as she appears as a chatty char. She is the leading light in "The Show's the Thing," the Victoria Palace revue

Keystone

"SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TR-R-R-OUBLED"

Mr. Arnold Bennett resting in the study of his house in Cadogan Place after his battle with the Sloane telephone exchange. If his experiences are any criterion the name should certainly be spelt "Slowne"

Such an emphatic success this year was Ascot, though shorn of its Royal ceremonies, that again the demand is cropping up for an autumn meeting. There are glorious days (sometimes) in September and even in October, and one can at least be just as sure of the weather behaving itself then as it does in June. It seems a vast pity that this beautiful course, so near London and, provided one travels by train, so easy of access, should be in use only four days in the year. Except for the little summer course at Newmarket (this is, to my mind, the most enjoyable race-meeting this country can offer), Ascot is the nearest approach imaginable to a garden party with just a little racing thrown in. I should like to pay a tribute to the excellence of the general arrangements this year and to the first-rate lunch that could be obtained at a reasonable price, whether 7s. 6d. in the paddock or 25s. in a club tent with champagne thrown in.

When at Ascot, or any other meeting, a State procession does not take place why should not another procession be organised? One could not very well have at Ascot a march past, in fours by the right, of all those with Royal Enclosure badges, for so many of them are there that it would take hours for them to go by any given point. But it would be interesting to have a procession of, say, Guinnesses, including all those who have married into or out of that ubiquitous family, in a succession of State drays, drawn by eight creamy-froth-coloured ponies. And a collection of the Bright Young People, including those who are neither bright nor young, would fill a gap between races. Finally, two columns of gossip-writers, edited respectively by Viscount Castlerosse and the Marquis of Donegal.

I went over to Dieppe for the week-end after Ascot to rid myself of the memories of bookies' voices, patent leather boots, top-hats and general politeness. Also to look at the new Casino. This is a vast improvement on its dingy old predecessor, and is altogether very *nouveau art*, with its cubist decorations, huge square pillars everywhere, and bright orange paint. They give you a good meal in the new restaurant, but I always prefer to poke

Somewhat Flushed Visitor (*discovering jug of water o*

Exshpectina fi

WE MUST

about in the old town, sip *grenadine au kirsch* at the Café des Tribunaux (this also has been rebuilt), and try *Sole à la Dieppoise* at one of the innumerable little restaurants in the unfashionable quarters. Dieppe is comparatively empty as yet, but the English youth who plays *la boule* with one-franc pieces is to the fore, Heaven bless him! When he loses about four and sixpence he takes himself and his wide, flapping flannel trousers into the night with the air of one who has lost £10,000 at Monte.

THEY are rather excited at Dieppe this year, for it is the centenary of the visit of that strange lady, the Duchesse de Berry, daughter-in-law of Charles X. She made what was a little fishing town quite fashionable just a hundred years ago, and lived on until the 'seventies, in time to see her son, with true Bourbon tactlessness, mess up any hope for the restoration of the French monarchy. We often pity our Royal personages to-day for the glare of publicity that follows their simplest actions. But it is nothing compared with what this Royal lady had to put up with in 1829. One morning the Duchesse (according to a newspaper of the time) "*devait prendre son premier bain. Un coup de canon retentit quand elle entrait dans l'eau. Toute la ville, massée sur la grève, assistait à ce spectacle.*" Poor Duchesse!

Norman Pett

PERSISTENT POACHER (*at conclusion of set*): "Have you played much tennis?"
PARTNER: "Not recently!"

BY FRANK WHITBURN

ble at night club): "What'sh big idea, wai'er? fire?"

"DORA" is rampant to a preposterous extent at Newhaven at 4 a.m. The refreshment room at the railway station is open, but only tea, ginger-beer, etc., may be sold. For it is "out of hours." I can imagine nothing more heartless and ridiculous than this. Fancy arriving in England after a bad crossing of four hours—doubtless there are often cases of real illness owing to sea-sickness—and then being told that one must not buy brandy or whisky, or anything stronger than tea and ginger-beer! Special dispensations are granted for alcohol to be sold during a theatrical garden party or a cricket match, and one has only to dash up to the Agricultural Hall to a "boot and shoe exhibition" or something of the sort to get any sort of drink at any sort of hour. But for weary, storm-tossed travellers, shivering at a seaside railway station in the small hours—No.

What impression of free and merry England this must give to the foreigner setting foot on British soil for the first time I dare not think. Let us see what Labour, with its International Solidarity, will do about the matter.

THE dress-reformers, who are very much in the public eye for the moment, are making, with strange unanimity, a dead set at what they call the tight collar, which, they say, prevents the flow of blood to the brain and heaven knows what else. I think they, with their loose collars, are suffering from a rush of blood to the head, which is muddling their ideas. By a tight collar they mean, of course, a stiff linen collar. But these are not in the least tight; no one would wear them (not even Lord Ellesmere's brother, Wilfred Egerton, who wears the highest collars I have ever seen) if they were. Self-torture is not fashionable nowadays, and though there is plenty of fake in London there are no fakirs. The truth is, a stiff linen collar, with plenty of room between it and the wearer's neck, is

Photopress

Miss Jeanne de Casalis, the popular actress, and Mr. Colin Clive, whose wedding took place recently. The latter has made a big name for himself by his performance of the nerve-ridden Capt. Stanhope in "Journey's End" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

THE OLD BRIGADE TO THE FORE

By Starr Wood

"Miss Wallis still insists on calling herself a girl."
"Well, why not? New Oxford Street still calls itself new!"

perfectly comfortable. It is the soft collar that is usually pulled tight to the skin, as a glance at sundry of our modern youths will testify. Also, there is much nonsense talked about the agonies of wearing a top hat, mostly by those who have never worn one. A top hat that fits well is the coolest and most delightful type of head wear, as any Cabinet Minister, undertaker, or bank messenger knows.

Some of our "flaming youth" brigade are criticising the fact that Sir Edward Elgar and Mr. Baldwin's cousin, a poet fellow named Kipling, have collaborated in a song of thanksgiving to celebrate the recovery of His Majesty. Their chief complaint is that Elgar and Kipling are Victorians and that their united ages are 135 years. But Elgar has all the dignity in his music suitable for the occasion, and if Rudyard Kipling, who is essentially the poet of Empire, is considered to be too old to kipple at sixty-four, the octogenarian Poet Laureate, who has celebrated the great event by a masterly silence, must, like the prisoner in the dock, be "feeling his position acutely." Whom would these critics choose instead of Elgar and Kipling? Would they prefer the combination of, say, Gertrude Stein and Prokoviev? Or what about a snappy little thing by the Sitwells, with music by young Walton, of Portsmouth No-point-whatever fame?

WIMBLEDON WARBLINGS

W. T. TILDEN

Tilden is a mighty man
And when he's on his mettle
He proves that he's a Big Bill who
No Englishman can settle.

FRAULEIN AUSSEM

Fräulein, you are very good,
In fact, I'm sure I never could
Beat you willy-nilly,
Indeed, I must confess I've thought
That if I met you on the court
I'd be the one who's Cilly.

J. BOROTRA

Jean Borotra wears a beret.
On the court he's veret
Meret.

MISS HELEN WILLS

Helen is a lady who
Of pretty portraits held a view—
I'm told that she plays tennis, too.

H. W. AUSTIN

Austin, I am glad to say,
Has lately got the winning habit,
And—isn't it funny?—
Although he's a Bunny
He certainly isn't a rabbit.

DR J. C. GREGORY

To Dr. J. C. Gregory
No introduction's needed.
He's England's only him of Eight
Because, you see, he's seeded.

B. W.

Raphae

FROM MANNEQUIN TO "MOVIES"

Miss Chili Bouchier, the Anglo-French film star, who has just finished playing lead in "The City of Play" for Gainsborough. She used to be a dress mannequin at Harrods

A SUGGESTION FOR THE MASTER MARINERS

By Hynes

"Dr. Simpson has certainly worked himself up, hasn't he?"
"How's that?"
"Well, he used to be a chiropodist, and now he's a dentist!"

THE Arnold Bennett-Eugene Goossens opera *Judith* wound up the operatic part of the Covent Garden season in exciting, if cacophonous, fashion. All sorts of funny noises, made by British people, too, most of them. Arthur Fear tackled the immense part of Holophernes in fearless British fashion, and seemed rather of the hunting squire type—a sort of "View-Hollo"-phernes, in fact. Excellent, too, was Gladys Palmer as Haggith, which suggests a Semitic attempt at the Scottish national dish. Walter Widdop, who went out to Bayreuth last year at his own expense to study the big Wagnerian *rôles*, has a voice like the bull of Basan (I don't know which bull, but the biggest one), was rewarded with the part of the Eunuch. Life is indeed hard. Arnold Bennett's *libretto* is odmirable. But I wish he had not made one of his characters sing about dried fish. Or was it fried fish?

THE last British-owned, full-rigged sailing ship (and I believe even she is a four-masted barque now) is the picturesque old Garthpool. Her days are numbered, for it is difficult to make "windjammers" pay nowadays, and the number of men able to handle them is rapidly dwindling. Not for a long time have I heard a better suggestion than that when her last voyage has been made she shall, instead of being sent to the shipbreakers, be moored off the Thames Embankment for all time as the headquarters of the recently formed Honourable Company of Master Mariners. She would be immensely decorative to that part of London, which can at present boast, in the way of ships, only the not very exciting H.M.S. President and the little Friendship, aboard which, by the way, I went to an interesting party the other night, though space was decidedly cramped.

THE Honourable Company of Master Mariners is unlike the older livery companies in that it is less livery and has no hall, though it already has accumulated some gold plate. This was presented at a dinner I attended recently at the Guildhall, at which the Prince of Wales was chief guest. Nearly all the members of the company, fine, bluff, hearty men, with the sea in their gait, and an honest look in the eye (the sort of folk who make Charing Cross Road seem a deuce of a way off), had served their apprenticeship in sail. They exchanged yarns of the days when a ship was a ship, "and not," as one of them remarked to me, "a sanguinary kettle." And when dinner was over they joined in the cheery old sea chanties, and so did the Prince. Surely a ship should be their "hall," not some place of brick and stone in a poky street in the City of London. I wonder what Sir Burton Chadwick, their moving spirit, who has long experience of sailing ships, has to say about it.

SINCE Sir Esmé Howard has made the British Embassy at Washington "dry" as a gesture of friendliness to a country that is officially, at any rate, also "dry," one would have thought that General Dawes might have allowed the American Embassy in Prince's Gate to retain the same degree of moisture as that enjoyed by the surrounding districts, and, for that matter, the rest of England. Not so. The General is a Prohibitionist, and even sucking at that bizarre pipe with its inverted bowl does not make him thirsty. Not a drink with a kick in it, therefore, will be allowed in the American Embassy, so far as the household is concerned. Whether or no champagne will be served to guests at dinner parties still remains to be seen, of course.

FILM NOTES

Warwick Ward, Brigitte Helm and Franz Lederer in a scene from "The Wonderful Lie." This film started a short season at the London Hippodrome last week

BROADWAY

By LADY

ONE of these successful interlopers is Ruth Chatterton, the American "Mary Rose," who has just completed a new and apparently excellent version of Pauline Frederick's famous "Madame X," and the other is Chester Morris, who, in "The Perfect Alibi," gave a brilliant performance as the dark, sinister young crook with the ever-ready gun. These two, and Al Jolson, are responsible for the fact that the film-producers are now trying to rake Broadway bare while hundreds of experienced screen players are idle and almost starving in Hollywood.

Another scene from "The Wonderful Lie." Nina (Brigitte Helm) greets her lover, the cornet (Franz Lederer), after leaving the colonel's protection

"Speakeasy" and "Movietone Follies"

NOT long ago I visited two films during the same week. Both were that type of entertainment so tersely described as 100% Talkie, and both were lavish, expensive spectacles upon which not only dollars but also time and trouble had obviously been expended. Neither of these films were in any way remarkable, but both were good, solid, satisfying entertainment of the cabaret type. Yet each of these productions seemed to hang fire for the simple reason that they were what their sponsors would describe as "put over" by awkward and uninspiring players lacking personality and screen experience.

IN both films the leading *rôle* was sustained by a young woman named Lola Lane, and exactly what are the qualifications for film-stardom possessed by Miss Lane still remains an unfathomable mystery. I imagine, however, that she is a stage-actress, selected because it is fashionable at the moment to recruit your talkie players direct from the footlights of Broadway. I suppose, then, that Miss Lane was chosen in the belief that she would enunciate her lines with clarity and distinction, shedding about her as she moved and spoke that aura of exquisite refinement popularly believed to cling only to those immortals who have acted upon the New York stage.

WELL, I saw a good deal of Miss Lane during the course of these two pictures, and I can only say that she did nothing which could not have been equally well done by the most inane ingenue in Hollywood. The voice of this young lady when she is agitated—and she almost always is agitated — resembles nothing so much as an infuriated peahen bereft of its eggs. Her dancing is negligible, although her singing does not lack self-confidence, and her personal appearance is by no means as striking as that of a hundred other young women. Yet this is the type of actress being imported in dozens from New York to add sublety and sophistication to talking pictures!

THE average Hollywood producer is apparently convinced that his films will not be successful unless they are "put over" by stars from Broadway, and the fact that many of these people have had no experience of film work does not prevent them being thrust into prominent *rôles* for which they are often totally unsuited. I know of only two stage stars who are an argument in favour of this theory, and both are dramatic players who have scored heavily in serious films, as opposed to the quantities of second-rate "song-and-dance" people with which the Talkies are being surfeited.

THE funny part is that the outstanding talkie successes of the year have been scored by film actors and actresses —Milton Sills and Betty Compson in "The Barker," Bessie Love in "The Broadway Melody," Clive Brook in "A Dangerous Woman," and Emily Fitzroy in "Showboat." Yet, with such excellent material as Dorothy Mackaill, Baclanova, Nancy Carroll, Charles Rogers, Ronald Colman, and George Bancroft at their very door, the pro-

BREAKS IN

ELEANOR SMITH

ducers still insist upon importing from the stage a motley collection of inferior "juvenile leads" and incompetent soubrettes whose elocution is, if anything, more appalling than that of May McAvoy or Laura La Plante!

PERSONALLY, it is a matter of indifference to me whether an actor actually speaks the lines attributed to him or not, and I am quite unmoved by this talk of doubles so long as the doubles themselves are comprehensible and the synchronisation intelligent, and, indeed, I vastly prefer this method to that of importing, wholesale, everyone who has ever sung an imbecile song in a New York music-hall. The vaudeville stage will never save the Talkies.

As for the two films starring the young lady who inspired these reflections, the first of them, "Movietone Follies of 1929," would probably never have been made but for "The Broadway Melody," of which it is a feeble imitation. A young man is in love with a chorus-girl, whom he implores to leave the stage on their marriage; when she refuses he buys shares in the revue in which she is to appear, and, although he has had no theatrical experience of any kind, contrives to make a brilliant success of the show. True to "Broadway Melody" type, this film shows us a ballet photographed in colour—not a doll's wedding this time, but a fantastic scene of mermaids at the bottom of the sea.

A dramatic scene from "Name the Woman." This film, the story of which revolves round a sensational murder trial, is to be generally released next week by F. B. O

THE actors and actresses are, with one exception, mediocre. This exception is a big, clumsy nigger with a naïve grin and a musical voice. His enchanting name is Stepin Fetchit, which seems almost too good to be true; he dances with the agility and abandon of his race, and he is soon to be seen in an all-coloured film in which he plays a prominent part. Mr. Fetchit's performance makes a visit to "The Movietone Follies" worth while.

"SPEAKEASY" is a gay, slick little talkie dealing with the troubles of an unpopular prize-fighter who loves a pert girl reporter and who is too foolish to realise that he is being hoodwinked by a crook manager—not, I think, a very inspiring hero. On the eve of his big fight the girl is kidnapped by the manager, with the result that the boxer, noticing her empty seat at the ringside, seems totally unable to concentrate upon knocking out his opponent.

OF course, she escapes half-way through the fight, and the sight of her yearning face so inspires her agitated lover that he there and then delivers a smashing blow which wins him the championship, whereupon the young couple embrace before an audience of about half a million people. Possibly I was feeling in a jaundiced mood, but all this latter part of the film seemed to me quite incredibly stupid.

ONCE again the big success of the evening was won by a screen veteran, Mr. Henry B. Walthall, who will always be remembered as the Colonel in Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," and whose polished performance and beautiful voice put to shame the young lady and gentleman who had been brought all the way from Broadway to fill the principal *rôles*. E. S.

The mysterious woman in the case, played by Anita Stewart, confronts the judge. Another scene from the sensational film, "Name the Woman"

A Fine German Film

The "Wonderful Lie" at the London Hippodrome is a story of love and intrigue at St. Petersburg, and it is refreshing to see this film, which includes three such splendid players as Warwick Ward, the English actor, whose acting in "Vaudeville" will be remembered, Franz Lederer, the talented young German actor, and Brigitte Helm, who was Maria in "Metropolis." The director is Hans Schwartz.

HELPING AUNT HESTER

By
MANVILLE KEITH

"DARLING," said Lauretta, turning on her very extra-special smile, "will you do me a great favour to-morrow?"

"Speaking as an experienced *fiancé* who has been stung many a time and oft in the——"

"Don't get coarse, Nigel," warned Lauretta.

I withered her with a glance. "I was going to say," I continued haughtily, "'stung many a time and oft' in the past—details first, please."

"All I want you to do is to meet Aunt Hester for me when she arrives in Town, give her lunch, and then put her into the Salisbury train."

"Look here, that's a bit thick!" I protested.

"If you are alluding to Aunt Hester you are wrong, as usual," retorted Lauretta. "She's tall and willowy—at least, she was the last time I saw her five years ago—and wears long flowing gowns. She's a poet, you know. She's frightfully keen on Nature; writes poems about trees and flowers and bird-life——"

"If you expect me to introduce your invertebrate aunt to the bird-life in Piccadilly you've got another guess coming. Why don't *you* do it?"

"Because I've positively *got* to spend the day at the dressmaker's. I only heard yesterday that aunt is on her way back from America. She went out there on a Pure Poetry crusade or something, and I understand she was a wonderful hit in New York. Kathleen Carvill, who was out there, says she was all the rage with the social registrate last Fall."

"'Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen.' Do you think your aunt fell too?"

"Certainly not. Aunt Hester is wedded to her Art. And that reminds me, you had better read up a few poetical quotations. I don't want her to think I'm engaged to a man who has no beautiful thoughts."

. . . . . .

I STROLLED into the lounge at the Ritzton about lunch-time next morning feeling like Death warmed up. The prospect of talking poetry with Lauretta's greenery-yallery aunt appeared more ghastly every minute, and I gazed round the place wondering where the creature was lurking. Not seeing anyone who looked like a tame poetess—although many of the girls certainly looked like poems—I sent a page to unearth her. He came back in a few moments and led me up to a chair occupied by one of the finest specimens of the Mutton-dressed-as-Lamb Brigade I've ever seen. The dame looked exactly like Fanny Ward's grandmother dressed up to look like Fanny Ward's granddaughter, and I realised at once that the fool of a boy had made a mistake.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, blinking as the dazzle of colour hit me square in the eye. "I'm afraid the page has brought me to the wrong lady. I'm looking for Miss Hester Tumner."

"No mistake, Big Boy," retorted the walking kaleidoscope in an accent which would have made the average American "talkie" star sound like an Oxford don. "You must be Lauretta's guy. I'm certainly glad to know you. Come and park yourself right here beside me."

"*May I have the next dance, MRS. Rodney?*" BY SCHUS
"*Who on earth are you?*"
"*Merely MR. Rodney!*"

Shuddering slightly I did so, wondering if I could send out for a pair of smoked glasses without offence.

"Lauretta has told me so much about your poetry," I said, making my opening gambit. "I always admire anyone who can write such stuff. That thing of old Swinburne's, for instance," I continued, squinting at a sheet of notepaper I'd brought. "'Swallow, sweet sister. Sweet sister, swallow.'"

"I certainly will," exclaimed Lauretta's aunt with indecent eagerness. "Hey, Low Life!" She beckoned up a scandalised waiter. "Slip us a coupla highballs and hustle some."

I went a bit pink round the gills, for the entire lounge seemed to be watching us, but I had another shot.

"You must notice changes in London since you've come back," I said. "After all, East is—er—East and West is West, as you might say, and——"

"And this is where my highball certainly does go West," retorted Lauretta's aunt, as the waiter reappeared with the whiskies and soda. "Say," she added, setting down her empty glass, "I'm certainly for the double act on this line. Step lively, Sex-appeal, and fetch this drink's twin. And listen," she continued to the pulverised menial, "get me a coupla checks for a *matinée*."

"What theatre, madam?"

"Say, any skirt-and-dirt show will do. Step on the gas, Gustave."

Having consumed a round half-dozen Scotches the poetess expressed a desire to lunch. With fear and trembling I led her to the grill. If America worked things like this on our tame poets, I reflected bitterly, I'm all for Bigger and Bigger Navies.

. . . . . .

"EVER been to lil' ole Noo Yark?" demanded Aunt Hester as she lit a scented cigarette in a two-foot long holder. "It's what the Doc ordered, ber-lieve me. Why, when I first went across the Herring Pond I was so simple a sap I thought a rubberneck was a gent's collar; and look at me now."

"You've certainly altered," I said reassuringly. "But what about your poetry?"

"Say, I'm a real wow at pomes since I've cut out that durned back-to-Nature dope. Why, my latest book of verse, 'Rapture and Rapine,' was so almighty hot they had to print it on asbestos."

The gentle creature took a long pull at her champagne and, leaning back, shook an accusing finger at me. "What you mean bringing me into revolving reshturant?" she demanded. "Room'sh goin' round and round like a teetotallum."

"Perhaps you'd like a little fresh air?" I suggested hastily.

"Take me to great open spashes," she demanded, rising unsteadily and grasping my arm.

At the entrance to the grill room she stopped abruptly.

"Want to shee London!" she announced. "None of your gol-durned Cooks'sh toursh, mind. Want to go where no other women go when they come over."

"You mean that, Aunt Hester?" I demanded.

"Shure, I mean it, Dog'sbody."

Then it was that I had a brain-wave.

"You shall, then," I said, and opening a door I gave her a good push and then beat it for the street.

. . . . . .

LAURETTA was most unfair to make such a fuss about it. She told me to humour her aunt and do what I could for her, so how could she grumble when I took her at her word? As I pointed out, Aunt Hester is probably the only woman in England to have seen the inside of the Gentlemen's Cloak-room at the Ritzton.

BY VERNON WARD

A SOUND PROPOSITION

O, East is East and West is West, but here's where the twain shall meet,
Walworth Worker and Tommy trim with sons of Sackville Street.

THE "JUNIOR

An impression of London's most Bohemian co

TURF" CLUB

offee stall at the witching hour of one a.m.

Yea, Hyde Park Corner it spans the gap, and at its cheery stall,
"Hot dogs," "doorsteps," "you-and-me" unite both great and small.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE WOLF

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Illustrated by Nick

OUTSIDE in the terraced garden blazed the sinking sun, tulips shone in unearthly splendour, globes of scarlet, dawn-pink, and lemon-yellow, against a rose-red wall.

Between the black spears of the cypresses, as if held in a sculptured frame, rose the silver cap of St. Peter's. Hyacinths, many-coloured and heavy with fragrance, stood in stiff military formation to take the last salute of the sun. Behind the dome blue hills quivered, and sank into the level clarity of the Italian light.

Inside the loggia, tense with battle, the Amazons played bridge.

Lady Eames, glancing over the widely spaced tables, was satisfied. She had placed her guests carefully: old diplomats, rich Americans, impoverished famous names, a solid English earl, an avid Russian princess, a pale beauty—they were all stationed where they would find congenial and equal players, and where they would be safe from the Amazons.

The Amazons consisted of Princess Serbelloni; worn, old, acid, the former toast of kingdoms, Mrs. William Dacres, who was wholly English and who looked as if she had just come in from hunting; and Mrs. Placer Mott, a redoubtable American.

The Princess Serbelloni had a square chin, the eyes of a sick eagle, and she held her head like one of her own arrowy cypresses. She had had an English mother, and she had inherited from her a manner which could be held in ice or thaw slowly into Italian grace should she see any reason for this transition. She played a diplomatic, pessimistic, flawless game of bridge, and had no pity on herself or on her partner.

Mrs. William Dacres had had in the past a scandalous reason for her hold upon society, but if she possessed no such reason she might still have held it; for she was predatory and without fear, and had reduced lawlessness to a fine art.

She had at last let her face, which had been beautiful, go to rack and ruin, but she did not look as if she thought this mattered. The importance of her being there at all was what really mattered.

WHEN she had unsmilingly grasped her hostess's hand, she said in a voice rather like the short bark of a terrier pursuing rats: "I want my tea! Whom have you got to play bridge with me?" She was pleased when she saw the other two Amazons. Mrs. Placer Mott was her first partner. Mrs. Placer Mott was fully as belligerent as Mrs. William Dacres, her voice was a trifle harder, and the feelings she had no wish to spare were, if anything, fewer. Her fortune was large, but not so large as her sense of supremacy. She chewed society as if it were a kind of gum, and if she thought it inferior she spat it out.

It was only Lady Eames who dared to have Mrs. Placer Mott to meet Mrs. William Dacres; they had been known to reduce less courageous hostesses to tears. They met—as lovers in a poet's rhapsody have been said to meet—"like two planets meeting." Anything at all near them got broken. But they themselves had a toughness and an elasticity not given to planets. They bent to each other; they even, after sharp preliminary skirmishes, unbent. They had been known to kiss, but until this happened anything else, more lethal, might.

Mrs. Pott Adams was to be their fourth; they all three looked at her with bland ferocity; she was prey.

Twenty years younger than the Amazons, undermined by luxury and a soft heart, Mrs. Pott Adams had a fortune so great that even her kind hostess had thought it hardly mattered how much she lost to the other three.

The Princess Serbelloni, raising weary eyebrows, acknowledged her usual bad luck as she cut Mrs. Pott Adams for her partner. The eyes of the other two Amazons met and gleamed in sardonic rapture.

The Amazons' bridge was not a game; it was war to the knife. Into it they flung the whole of their combative spirits, the unrivalled skill of their social sway, and the fiendish polish of what remained of their sex. Men may become children in their old age, but women such as these simply became terrible old women.

AT first they called according to their cards and Mr. Milton Works. They were no shoddy, dash and crumble players; on the contrary, they played like the commanders of armies, organising their cards with unflinching attention to defence, and only letting themselves out when the moment for attack was favourable.

They played two hands while they watched Mrs. Pott Adams's bridge with the precision of hawks about to strike. Mrs. Pott Adams had been the admired and amiable hostess of many bridge parties in her home town—delightful festal occasions, given with pink teas and valuable prizes; where, surrounded by warm-hearted friends, any card she played had been an act of grace. At first she did not realise what had happened to her in modern Rome upon the Janiculum Hill. She did not know that she was a kitten, a round, plump, domestic, ineffectual kitten, fallen among famished tigers.

They let her play a hand which she had slightly overcalled—a thin heart hand. She made three tricks out of thirteen, two with aces, one with a trump. The eyes of the Princess Serbelloni peeled her as if she were an onion; when Mrs. Pott Adams was bare to the core and the last trick had been cleared up by Mrs. William Dacres, the Princess Serbelloni murmured in a faint dry voice: "You made your aces, partner," and that was all she said.

Mrs. William Dacres and Mrs. Placer Mott gazed deep into each other's eyes like happy lovers. Mrs. William Dacres dealt crisply, and while she dealt she said in a tone awful with menace to Mrs. Placer Mott: "How dared you not come to my dinner last Wednesday night, Sarah?"

Poor Mrs. Pott Adams trembled as a rabbit might tremble finding itself inadvertently present at a fight between anacondas. Mrs. Placer Mott had no eyelashes, and she turned the flat, vicious blaze of her eyes full upon Mrs. William Dacres, much in the manner of a snake about to strike.

"I was unwell, Elizabeth," she answered in an equally awful voice. "Besides, if you will have it, I thought it would bore me. Didn't you have music afterwards?"

"She had music," interjected the Princess, barely above a whisper, "quite good music; and when it was over the duchess took my blue fox fur. She left me something of hers instead, which I think was made from a rat."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Why didn't you stop her, Beatrice?" asked Mrs. Placer Mott, scornfully. "You should have said it was yours!"

"I *screamed* that it was mine," murmured the Princess in reply to Mrs. Placer Mott, with a faint smile, "but she took it all the same."

"You should have snatched it from her!" said Mrs. William Dacres, with an awful frown. "I don't suppose she's got any muscles; she runs to fat. Ring her up. I daresay she found out it wasn't hers when she got home."

"Why should you suppose that," asked the Princess, her faint smile deepening, "if she didn't find it out in your hall while I was screaming at her? I couldn't even do up the fastenings of the rat; she must have seen it wasn't mine. The next time I go to your house, Elizabeth, if I ever go there again, I shall ask my maid to lend me her rabbit. One no trump, partner."

Mrs. Pott Adams gasped and shivered. Was she in a nightmare? Was she in hell? Did people in loggias full of azaleas and old brocade talk like that?

She tried to concentrate upon the game. her hand seemed full of good cards; she ran her partner's bid up to three no trumps. Then she exposed her dummy hand, and realised from the awful look the Princess gave her, as if the scorn of centuries had risen for one brief moment into her blazing Serbelloni eyes, that she should have held her tongue. The cards she thought were treasures, played though, were no longer treasures; they were wreckage strewn upon the sands of time.

The Princess played the hand with sad fortitude and infinite skill. She lost only one trick. Still, it had been doubled, and they were vulnerable. "You should realise," she said to Mrs. Pott Adams, more in sorrow than in anger, "that it is not necessary to put your partner up when you do not hold suitable cards."

They lost the rubber, and with it twenty pounds. But it was not the money which poor Mrs. Pott Adams minded losing; it was the illusion of her *amour propre*.

Lady Eames, floating systematically by, saw her tortured eyes and rescued her. She had provided the Amazons with prey, but she was no vivisectionist; she had expected them to use some kind of chloroform while they were extracting their gold. She carried Mrs. Pott Adams soothingly away past the azaleas into the sunset light.

Perhaps Mrs. Pott Adams was translated, perhaps she simply died. The Princess did not care. She would have gladly killed Mrs. Pott Adams in a neat Italian way. It mattered a great deal to her losing twenty pounds, and Lady Eames, by taking Mrs. Pott Adams away, had robbed the Princess of her chance of winning them back again. However, it was to be hoped that their hostess would provide them with another victim.

"Miss Matherson," said Lady Eames, gently. The Princess beheld a milder, poorer, less efficient-looking Mrs. Pott Adams. A middle-aged girl bowed timorously before her, with weak eyes. The Princess stared hard at Miss Matherson, then she said firmly: "I think we had better pivot, and not cut for partners." Lady Eames, still fluttering, said with dignified reproachfulness:

"The Amazons' bridge was not a game: it was war to the knife"

"Mrs. Pott Adams did not feel very well; she thought she had better go home."

"Far wiser," said the Princess, "far wiser to go home, Adeline; and wiser still if she had never come. Isn't there a game called 'Coon Can'? No doubt Mrs. Pott Adams plays that atrocious game. I fancy she thought she was playing it here."

Mrs. William Dacres gave a hoarse, deep chuckle, until she saw that it was she who must play with Miss Matherson; then she drove her smile abruptly in, and glared at the mild, pinkish face.

"Well, I hope *you* don't play Coon Can!" she roughly snorted.

"You must be kind to Miss Matherson," said Lady Eames, almost severely, and floated benignly away.

Miss Matherson twisted a little in her seat, and said tremblingly, "I'm afraid I do play Coon Can." The Princess actually smiled. "*Now,*" she said to herself, "I'll win back my twenty pounds."

Miss Matherson made a bid. Mrs. William Dacres glared at her. The Princess challenged it; Miss Matherson outbid the Princess; the Princess doubled; Miss Matherson redoubled.

Mrs. William Dacres, with the sharp breathing that in a dragon would have produced smoke, said: "I hope you know what you are up to, partner?"

Miss Matherson's colour deepened into mauve, but she replied, with a blend of meekness and timidity despised equally by all three Amazons: "I do hope so, partner!" She followed this up by a nervous titter.

THE Princess thanked God—or would have done so had she thought there was a God worth thanking—and played straight at the titter. By accident Miss Matherson took the trick. She made a lucky finesse; she made a very lucky finesse; she made a beautiful finesse. Was it a series of lucky accidents, or was she doing it on purpose? She played a false card; the Princess was taken in. Miss Matherson shifted to a fresh suit; she placed her cards with a curious instinct; she seemed to know what was in her opponents' hands. They all three realised simultaneously that she was a good player. The Princess dropped her reckless attack; Mrs. Placer Mott snarled aloud. Mrs. William Dacres bridled, and then unbent. It was her luck again. Not for her a dud partner! Not for her a dud anything! In spite of her past, a good and faithful husband, a fortune which to another woman would have been ample, a social supremacy which even to herself seemed adequate—and bridge for her old age! "Yes, I'll take a cocktail," she informed the back of Lady Eames's butler, who swerved neatly round with his tray. The Princess refused with a deeper melancholy; her spirits had sunk beneath the reach of alcohol. Mrs. William Dacres, on the other hand, took two cocktails and pressed one on Miss Matherson. But Miss Matherson, though she trembled at refusing those hard eyes, refused. Then the Princess and Mrs. Placer Mott began to try to break Miss Matherson's nerve. It was her weak point, and they rode straight for the gap. The Princess's method was that of a studied, deliberate insolence which she never suffered to deteriorate into bad manners. Mrs. Placer Mott, on the contrary, rushed her fences with a high-tempered arrogance.

Miss Matherson shook, her cheeks grew blotchy; she did not know what to do with her eyes; but her play never varied. When the cards were dealt they fell smoothly and automatically into her hands. She played without faltering; she made all her contracts. She was an inspired bridge player; she played better than they did. Lady Eames had failed them; she had taken them in. They looked at each other with a wild surmise. Lady Eames had done worse than this; she had dared to punish them for their behaviour to Mrs. Pott Adams.

The Princess went on playing as usual, gloomily, with her unvarying ill-fortune and unyielding pluck.

WHEN they had finished the rubber, and she saw that she had lost another ten pounds, she said, smiling a little more kindly than usual: "You play an uncommonly good game of bridge, Miss Matherson. Would you mind telling us who you are?"

"Who I am?" faltered Miss Matherson. "Nobody in particular, Princess. I do write—I do write the bridge answers for *The Matador.*"

Mrs. Placer Mott said aloud: "A professional gambler. I thought as much. I shall tell Adeline Eames what I think of her!" And she turned her broad, firm back upon Miss Matherson.

Mrs. William Dacres pocketed her ten pounds and stared through her former partner as if she were an obstruction which she found between herself and the light. She appeared to be about to walk through this obstruction, but Miss Matherson, stepping to one side, escaped the impact.

The Princess stood between two trees of red and white camellias and gazed out at the dark cypresses, washed with golden air. "My usual luck," she observed gently, and then she shifted her eyes back, towards the crushed figure of the victorious Miss Matherson. She leaned towards her with a charm she rarely took the trouble to display. "I hope," she said, "that you will come and play with me some time in my villa at Frascati. It is a great pleasure to play with anyone who plays so well." And she gave the startled Miss Matherson her thin, heavily ringed hand. A few minutes later she said, without the faintest reproach, to Lady Eames:

"I liked your wolf, my dear. I must confess that I think we deserved it; and we were all quite taken in by the clothing."

Phyllis Bottome

Sasha

RAQUEL MELLER

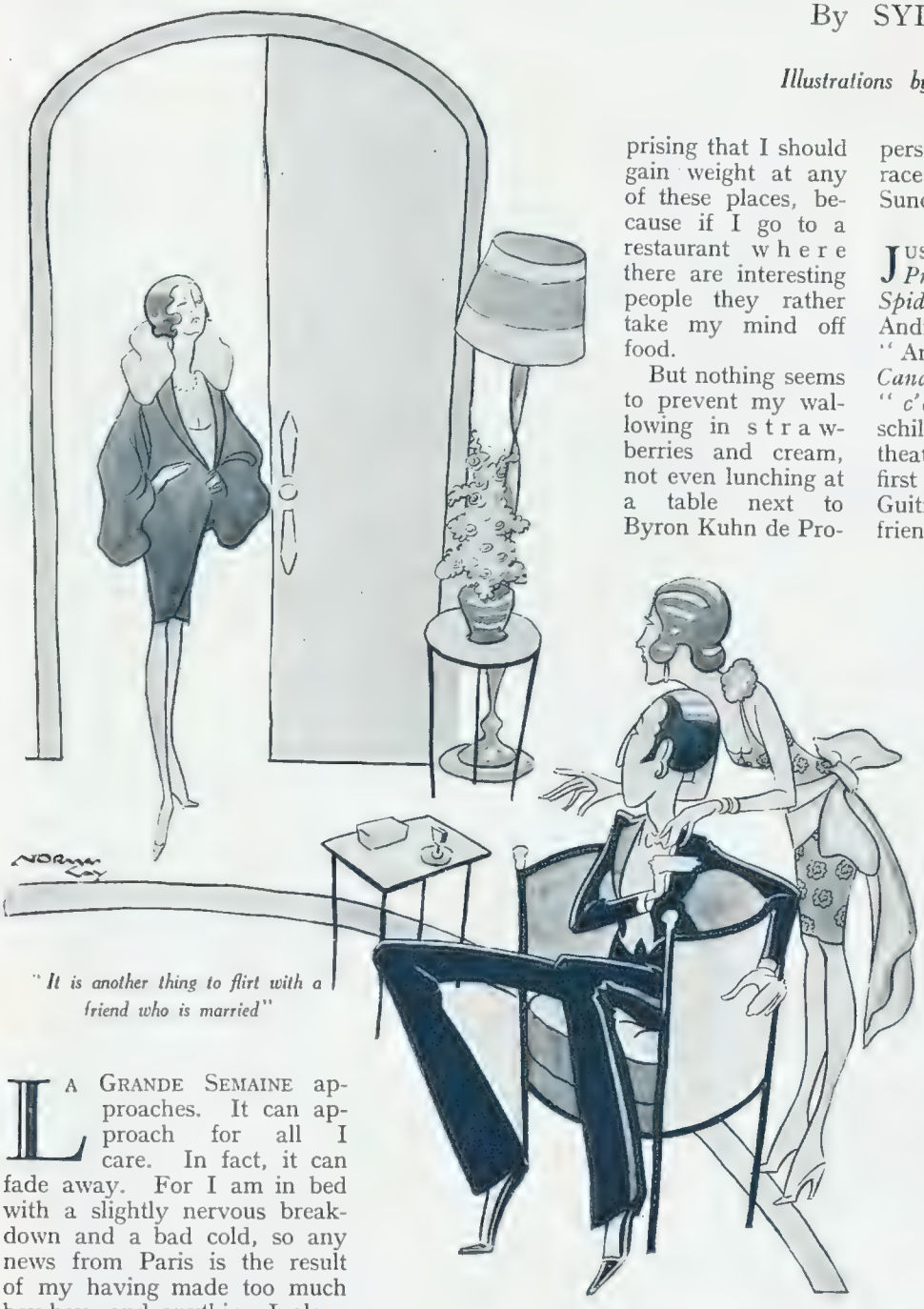
The brilliant actress who is playing lead in the Palace revue in Paris is one of the greatest draws in the Gay City. She is the sister of Tina Meller, whose Spanish dancing is so popular a feature of the C. B. Cochran revue, "Wake Up and Dream," at the London Pavilion

PARIS GOSSIP

FLU, FOOTLIGHTS & FASHIONS

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY



"It is another thing to flirt with a friend who is married"

LA GRANDE SEMAINE approaches. It can approach for all I care. In fact, it can fade away. For I am in bed with a slightly nervous breakdown and a bad cold, so any news from Paris is the result of my having made too much hey-hey, and anything I glean from reports my friends give me—the brutes.

YOU, I suppose, have read the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, who died from consumption and from being a genius. She is buried in the little Passy cemetery. I took one look at her grave and came home, and so to bed. God knows I haven't consumption, because I recently weighed myself and have gained two kilos., both of which are to be blamed on the strawberries and cream I have been absorbing at the Ritz, Armenonville, Laurent, etc. It is really surprising that I should gain weight at any of these places, because if I go to a restaurant where there are interesting people they rather take my mind off food.

But nothing seems to prevent my wallowing in strawberries and cream, not even lunching at a table next to Byron Kuhn de Prorok, the archæologist, who is the handsomest man I have ever seen. He happens to be a friend of mine, and that is a great problem, because while I feel quite safe in flirting with a stranger, it is another thing to flirt with a friend like Byron, who is married.

I AVOIDED the French Derby at Chantilly because I always take cold at the races. So, instead of going to Chantilly to catch cold, I went to the polo that Sunday and caught cold then and there. The only person I know to have won at the race was my coiffeur. He wins every Sunday. Long may he wave.

JUST before my crash I went to see *Prise,* the French version of *The Spider,* which was translated by André Pascal and Albert Jean. "André Pascal," writes a critic in *Candide* or *Gringoire,* I forget which, "*c'est prononce* Henri de Rothschild." Henri de Rothschild's new theatre will have four stages. The first play is being written by Sacha Guitry. "Perhaps," I said to a friend, "when the play is produced, Sacha will perform on one stage and Yvonne on another; and it would be fun to watch them chasing each other on four disappearing stages."

THERE is one theatrical question I do not understand: when a French company goes abroad, they take their best. But when America or England sends a company to Paris—*ow!* with the exception, of course, of the current *Blackbirds.* For *By Candlelight,* at the Femina, is terrible, and the American company performing in the English version of *Maya* at the Studio des Champs Elysées is worse. The American opera, *A Light from St. Agnes,* by Frank Harling, has opened at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées; but I will reserve comment until I have heard it, which is decidedly thoughttul of me.

Argentina's Spanish Ballet at the Opéra Comique is magnificent. All the innate nobility of the Spanish race is in her dancing.

AFTER due reflection on my past, I mean my past week, I will conclude this article in a general rush of low-brow information and high-brow low-down. The greatest woman painter in France is Hermine David. (Marie Laurencin is the most famous.) The former is the wife of Jules Pascin, the painter. Watch out for Laglenne, who paints the most delicious still-lifes in the world to-day.

AMERICAN banks are whirling branches up-town. The Na-

"*LA CORIDA*"

An impression of one of the Spanish dances performed by Argentina, whose dancing has created an enormous sensation in Paris

tional City Bank now has a *succursale* in the Champs Elysées, and the Equitable has one in the Hôtel George V. The Hôtel Prince de Galles, under construction next door to the George V, is no relation to the parent tree, but will be operated by the company which controls the Meurice. The Crillon is owned by the Magazin du Louvre. (Don't I know a lot?)

IF you have seven thousand francs, or if you have only twenty-five thousand, you can rent one of the marvellous Molyneux apartments at Biarritz for a month. But I would be afraid to rent a Molyneux apartment, for what would the doorman say if I walked in or out one day in a dress that did *not* come from Molyneux? It is all very well to be tactful, but there is a limit. I notice that whenever a friend lunches or dines with Gabrielle Chanel, the friend always wears at least a Chanel necklace, whereas Chanel herself merely wears her pearls. *She* should worry!

IF you are going on a yacht this summer, I saw the darlingest pyjamas at Irande: exaggerated white flannel trousers, a sleeveless white jersey, tucked in with a narrow red, white and blue belt, and a blue flannel jacket. It would, however, do me no good, for at my present rate of personal exchange the only yacht I will ride on will be a row-boat in the Bois.

ONE of the best places to dine at outside Paris is at the Pomme d'Api, near Marly. Just leave the Etoile, drive out of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and take the Malmaison road. The restaurant is in Norman style, the tables are set out on terraces, and there is a little acacia tree that simply *sings*.

IF you want to take the Versailles road go to the Moulin de Bicherel, beyond St. Cyr. If you don't want to go that far, stop at Gabassud, just after St. Cloud. I find it rather depressing, as Lamartine committed suicide there; but perhaps you aren't so sensitive. Besides, I hear that Gabassud has a rather naughty reputation, which isn't so depressing after all. . . .

ANOTHER open-air restaurant, quite near town, is Le Select. Continue down the gorgeous river-road in the Bois towards Boulogne. Le Select is just beyond the Citroën and Ford factories. That doesn't sound very alluring, but it is really a beautiful place.

"*BOLERO*"

Another of the dances with which Argentina has been charming Paris. The Opéra Comique has been packed during the course of her season

AN American in Paris recently gave a party that started at the Hermitage in the Bois and ended in disaster. The guests met at the Hermitage, were taken in a *bateau-mouche* to another restaurant, where they dined, then back to the Hermitage to dance. During the evening fireworks were let off, but something slipped over besides mere amusement, for the fireworks set fire to the roof of the Renault factory. Anyhow, one or two wise cracks came out of the party. (1) Somebody asked: "Who is that pretty woman wearing all the orchids?" To which the reply was: "That is Mrs. Jascha Heifitz, but she is Florence Vidor in her own right." (2) A guest, looking rather puzzled upon his introduction to Madame Letellier, heard her say, to his great embarrassment, "*Oui, je suis Madame Letellier, pas la belle mais la jeune.*"

S. L.

"What would the doorman say if I walked in or out one day in a dress that did *not* come from Molyneux?"

A QUIET OLD CORNER OF BRUGES

Donald M. Leish

The wonderful belfry in Bruges, the historical old Belgian city through which the new Ostend-Cologne Pullman expresses pass. This daily service is the quickest between London and Cologne, passengers leaving Victoria at 10 a.m. to reach Cologne at 9.58 p.m., and the "Ostend-Cologne Limited," on the Belgian National Railways, is composed entirely of 1st and 2nd class Pullman cars

BY G. S. SHERWOOD

HE (rather peevish): *"When you've quite finished posing as the 'Sultan's Favourite' I should like tea, Edith!"*

HANNEN SWAFFER SAYS—

NO ACTOR MANAGERS NOW

WHEN, sometimes, I see George Alexander's plaque at the St. James's Theatre, or the scores of paintings and drawings of Arthur Bourchier rivalling in the corridors of the Strand the self-importance of the bust of George Grossmith in the bar, I contemplate with pain the plight into which actor-management has fallen to-day.

TIME was when Irving and Tree and Wyndham and Hare and Alexander lorded it over us all. Sometimes we still speak of them with reverence, although, when I remember odd things, I wonder whether we were not all afraid of them, and that was it. One day, you know, when Hamilton Fyfe asked, in the *Evening News*, "Should Beerbohm Tree play Col. Newcome?" there was a devil of a row. Tree's Hamlet was laughed at by the cynics, and now and then he got rather fierce criticisms, but I well remember his wrath when this article appeared. How dare they!

CHARLES WYNDHAM, being criticised on one occasion, asked the editor to dinner, and had the critic "dealt with." Several of the old actor-managers pulled strings. Now, although some of them try to do so occasionally, none of them has any power whatever. The critics are mostly cynical instead of adulatory. Even the baby boys put their fingers to their noses. The majesty has gone. The glory has departed. We know now that it was only make-up and a wig.

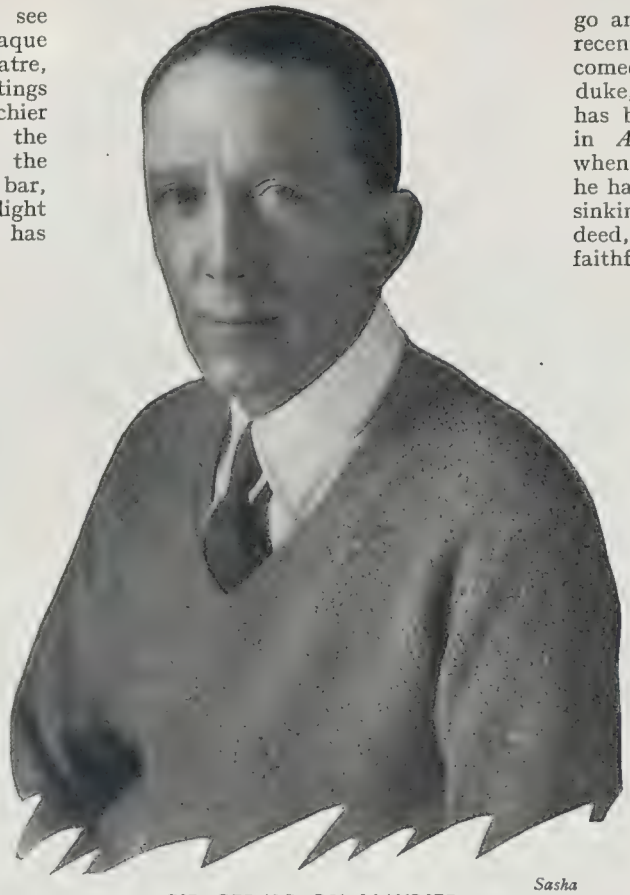
INDEED, James White put it once to me, when explaining the reasons for the decline of the stage, that "The bowling is better than the batting."

A GOOD deal of this passed through my mind when, the other night, I heard that Owen Nares had resigned his part in *Hold Everything*, after less than two weeks of trying to sing, trying to dance and trying to box. He had taken three lessons in dancing, but no lessons in singing. His previous play, *These Few Ashes*, had failed even after they had changed its title, and then, in order to earn some money "to put on a decent play," he had sunk to musical comedy, but in vain. Here was one of our best actors, potentially one of our best managers, really in a plight.

AN hour before, I had seen Robert Loraine in another fiasco, looking very stolid and stumpy in a part in which he was supposed to be playing comedy. It was a dreary American effort called *This Thing Called Love*, all about nagging and giggling and cocktail-drinking bores. This was Mr. Loraine's latest effort to find a money-maker.

Not long before, he had walked out of an Edgar Wallace play, by mutual consent. Before then he had acted brilliantly in Strindberg, but failed, of course, to make money, and, before then, he had endured the horror of having the scenery fall on him on the first night of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and even in the middle of his great death scene.

WHAT are these actor-managers going to do? Waiting for the verdict of *This Thing Called Love* was Godfrey Tearle, who was actually going on tour with it in a week's time with his wife. By the way, Loraine's wife was in his show. Tearle has had failure after failure, the last, *Captain Banner*, which ran about a fortnight, this in spite of Mrs. Loraine's plea, sent to me, that people ought to go. Perhaps Mr. Tearle will now plead to people to go and see Mrs. Loraine. Tearle, in recent times, has gone into musical comedy, *Merely Molly*, acting as a duke, but totally out of place; he has blacked himself all over to play in *Aloma*; he went into *Jealousy* when another man dropped out, and he has sat in a wheel chair during the sinking of a liner in *The Berg*. Indeed, in his own words, he is the faithful Dobbin of the drama. He will do anything. He is an actor.



Sasha

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

Who has presented several successes at the St. James's Theatre in the past

I OFTEN wonder what is the future of all these men, now that the talkies have come, now that the drama has no use for fine voices and Shakespearean minds. Where will they drift? Where is their hope? Martin Harvey, of course, is still on tour with his wife. That will go on for quite a long time. Besides, there is always Canada.

Even Percy Hutchison can make a lot of money in the Colonies. But what will the rest do?

Tom Walls has had a series of successes in farce at the Aldwych, but, then, a good deal of money has been lost at the Fortune and in other ways, and the tours, without Walls and Ralph Lynn, have seldom paid.

Gerald du Maurier, after several consecutive failures at the St. James's, must be wondering about a future fraught with peril to every actor used to a front place.

Harry Welchman, who thought he would be an actor-manager, lost £7,000 at Daly's in a few weeks, and then went back to employment at Drury Lane, this although Daly's was still costing him £600 a week in rent.

THERE are more of these catastrophes than people know. They only hear of the successes, and never know of the large sums that have been lost.

MATHESON LANG is fortunate in his provincial following. As he is not vain enough to want to act in London all the year round, he goes on tour, makes a lot of money week after week, and then can afford to lose it when he returns to London, this although, as a rule, he has not done so. Indeed, his last season was an enormous success.

LEON M. LION produces more plays, I should think, than any other London actor-manager. Now and then he acts himself, but usually only in a small character part. He sits by and

Godfrey Tearle (left), an actor-manager responsible for many fine productions since the War

Robert Loraine (right), whose efforts to raise the artistic standard of productions did not meet with the success they deserve

Photographs Sasha

Henry Ainley, who makes a welcome reappearance at the Haymarket

counts the money, coming in sometimes—often going out.

THEN there was Ernest Milton's attempt to be an actor-manager. They called it *Mafro Darling*, which it looked like, and it ran eight nights, even although his wife wrote it.

Then you may remember F. J. Nettlefold's tries at actor-management. He is a very popular man, rich and most generous to everybody, but, alas, he used to want to act! Indeed, a friend of mine, going into the theatre one night to see him appear in *The Lady of Lyons*, was asked by a programme girl to restrain his emotions. "He is such a nice man," she said.

NETTLEFOLD'S brother, Archie, only acts tiny parts, although you see the photographs of them in the foyer of his theatre, the Comedy. Still, he likes to sit in his make-up when he is not on the stage, and he is so rich that he can afford it.

YES, I must call Ivor Novello an actor-manager now, yes, and his own author, for *The Truth Game* is back in London, with Ivor and Lily Elsie playing opposite. They made a lot of money on tour, and now they have come back, which is almost a record. It shows how many flappers there are.

I will merely mention that there used to be a Hicks Theatre.

HENRY AINLEY'S management did not last long. He produced *Prince Fazil*, and then staged a revival of that dreary comedy, *Much Ado About Nothing*. Shortly after, he fell ill, and now he is back in harness.

FRED TERRY still takes them out on tour, and he had a good season last Christmas, when he came back to London after fourteen years, back to the same theatre, where, during the same play, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, the bombs had fallen in the street outside.

WHILE, last Christmas, Fred Terry was at the Strand, his son, Dennis, was at the St. James's, struggling in actor-management in *No Other Tiger*, and, a few nights later, his daughter Phyllis was leading lady at the Fortune. She soon joined her father, though, in her mother's famous part. In the end Mr. Terry lost, over *Katharine Parr*, the money he made in the previous weeks over his old play.

"The scarlet pimpernel is a flower that lives for a night," said Keble Howard in the *Daily Mail* the morning after the first production of the play in 1905. He expressed the belief that the play would live for about the same length of time. It still runs.

WELL, these are nearly all the actor-managers, except that Nelson Keys tried in *The Curate's Egg* and then *Burlesque*; that Jack Buchanan and Jack Hulbert and Laddie Cliff have, of course, done well in shows that do not matter; and that Leslie Faber and Ronald Squire, in partnership, have made a lot with their first try, *By Candle Light*. Their future is on the laps of the gallery.

But that is about all there is to say. There is scarcely one actor permanently in control of the same theatre. They come and they go.

OH, the fuss there was, when I was a boy, because George Alexander was going to produce a new play in the autumn! Now scarcely anybody cares what any of them produce.

I am afraid, when I was born, the world began to put its fingers to its nose, and, now, its nose is so long that it is the only place where the world can put it. When you laugh once at greatness, it isn't greatness any more.

"We remain, ladies and gentlemen, your humble and dutiful servants," Irving used to say.

Then, actor-managers for a time got very uppish. Then somebody pushed them off their throne. Now, there are no thrones for them to occupy. They are not uppish to-day.

They are downish. H. S.

WORTHINGTON IMPRESSIONS

NO. 6 THE GENERAL

As he sees himself

As his wife sees him

As the men see him

As the Mess sees him

MODERN POTTERY and PORCELAIN

By
GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"UTILITY and beauty must combine," seems to be a modern war-cry. It is one which alarms me, for there are so many manufacturers, so many individuals, who understand utility to perfection, but have little knowledge of beauty—a fact flagrantly obvious in many of the semi-artistic productions of this age. Beautiful things are so scarce that I feel anyone capable of making them should just go ahead and create; at least they can always give infinite refreshment to both eye and mind. If his creation should turn out to be useful so much the better, but let that be entirely incidental! Obviously a mad and bad idea for 1929, and one of which I am not so tenacious after having seen Mr. Hamada's collection of pottery which has just been exhibited in Bond Street.

THIS young Japanese artist is a famous potter who pursues his vocation in a small village in Japan, where he is the leader of a group of men whose ambition is that every article which they make for everyday use shall be beautiful, and shall be stamped by the maker's individuality. Mr. Hamada worked at St. Ives, in Cornwall, some years ago, and also exhibited in London. The "Hakime" bowl was a splendid example of fine and decorative brush-work; while a jar with grey base and circular brush-work pattern in deep rust excited intense admiration. The exhibition was a most interesting example of what can still be done—even in this material age—to make everyday life attractive, if only sufficient artists can be found who, while retaining their individuality, are yet content to make simple and beautiful things at a reasonable price for ordinary people!

I HAVE also been much interested in Wedgwood's exhibition of modern china, which is on view at Messrs. Goode's, in Audley Street. It is rather wonderful that a firm so famous many years ago is producing excellent modern china of such good design and colour, and again at so reasonable a price. I am told that the firm is training young girls in free-hand painting. The experiment certainly seems most successful, for the designs of the various dinner and tea services are charming. The patterns are, for the most part, floral, and are both light and graceful. There is, of course, neither the perfection of detail nor beauty of design of some of the old master flower-painters; the china is not so delicate, nor is the glaze so beautiful; but it is more adapted to the rough usage of present-day life, and there is no reason to suppose that in the near future some of these girls may not attain individual fame as artists in china painting.

"SHADOW"

An underglaze figure illustrating a character in Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. It is the work of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company

"FAIRY TALE KING"

An underglaze group to be seen at the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company's exhibition at 2, Old Bond Street. This company celebrates its 150th anniversary this year

SOME of Wedgwood's lustre ware is very lovely, and there was one tea-set which gave the effect of the most perfect silver service. I was most pleasantly amazed to find a fascinating green dessert-service for £6 10s., while another, almost equally charming, cost only £4 10s. The present firm is, indeed, a fitting descendant of that which made so marvellously a copy of the Portland Vase.

IN Folkestone the other day I visited an exhibition of Royal Copenhagen porcelain, whose chief showroom in this country is at 2, Old Bond Street. To be a serious collector of this firm's porcelain is, admittedly, only possible for the man with a deep purse, but, given the purse, what a delightful way of spending the contents! The firm has been famous for 150 years. Even Nelson, when he visited Copenhagen in anything but a friendly spirit, was fascinated by its porcelain, and sent some to Lady Hamilton. It has achieved a most exquisite crystalline glaze, which has never been surpassed by any firm in the world. This is used in the modern productions, and, frankly, I have never seen anything more lovely. Owing to the great heat necessary for firing, the colours are always soft, which, personally, appears to me to be an enormous advantage, for it gives to the figures, animals, and plates an added and gentle beauty.

COPENHAGEN has always been famous for its porcelain figures and animals, and the present-day artists seem to me to have achieved a beauty of design and execution in keeping with the highest standards of the firm's history.

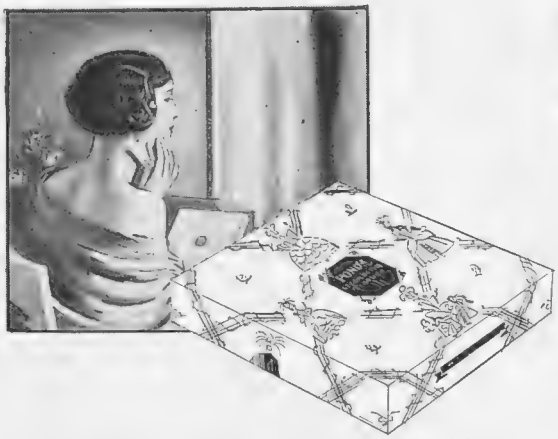
I was fascinated by the birds and animals, longed to buy the most beautiful little doe and a whole family of blue tits, while some of the plates filled me with wicked envy. There was one with seagulls sailing over a blue-grey sea, which one could look at indefinitely; another with sand-pipers on the beach at dawn, which was exquisite. In fact, sea, ships, and birds figure in most of the designs, and I know of no three things which could lend themselves more easily to works of art. Undoubtedly, were a large sum of money to be suddenly showered upon me, I know that a considerable amount would go to purchasing Royal Copenhagen porcelain—more cannot be said in its praise!

A PERFECT COMPLEXION

Perfectly beautiful— because it is perfectly clean

Perfect cleanliness is absolutely necessary to the proper development of the new skin which is forming beneath the surface—and such perfect cleanliness is only possible by the use of a cream which penetrates to the depths of the pores, dissolving and easing to the surface all the impurities which gather there. Such a cream is *Pond's Cold Cream*, composed of delicate oils which soothe and nourish the skin, besides cleansing it. The Pond's Method of Skin-Care provides also for protecting and beautifying the skin, by the use of *Pond's Vanishing Cream.* This greaseless cream forms a fine film on the skin, visible only as a lovely bloom, which protects from sun, wind, and dust, and makes a lasting base for your powder.

1. Every night before bed, and as often as necessary during the day, cleanse the skin of face, neck, and hands with *Pond's Cold Cream.*



2. Wipe away the soiled cream and the impurities which it has brought to the surface, with a soft and absorbent *Pond's Cleansing Tissue*, which is discarded after use.

3. Always after using Cold Cream, brace the skin and close the pores with *Pond's Skin Freshener* on a pad of cotton-wool.

4. After every daytime cleansing, and whenever you wish to look your best, use *Pond's Vanishing Cream.* It protects the skin from sun and weather, gives it a beautiful, velvety appearance, and forms a reliable and lasting base for your powder.

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Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box 2/6 and 1/6.

Pond's Skin Freshener, per Bottle, 5/6, 3/- and 1/-.

If you are not already using these preparations we shall be pleased to send you a four-sample package to try, in return for 1/- addressed to Pond's Extract Co., (Dept. 417), 103 St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

POND'S

Cold Cream. Cleansing Tissues. Skin Freshener. Vanishing Cream.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

RESPECTABILITY & THE OTHER THING

Raphael

MR. PATRICK HAMILTON

Whose new novel, "The Midnight Bell" (Constable: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

By
RALPH STRAUS

I HAVE the prettiest little tale for you this week. A year or two ago in one of those nice, clean, sandwich-laden public-houses which give such an air of prosperity to so many street-corners in London, there used to be the nicest and cleanest young waiter that you ever saw. Obviously he was marked out for higher things. He read literary weeklies and had saved up £80, and if he occasionally drank a glass or two more than was good for him, well, was it altogether his fault? Certainly, he had no other vices.

❋

AND then one day he fell in love—not, as you might have expected, decorously with the very competent barmaid in whose company he spent so many hours every day—but madly and ridiculously with a painted young woman who came in casually for a drink. True she was, in his eyes at any rate, superbly and startlingly beautiful, but—her profession was not respectable: not respectable at all. Nothing could make it respectable. The nice clean waiter became very unhappy about it.

❋

BUT he was in love with her, and nearly all the books that he had read had spoken in no uncertain way about the miracles that love can perform. Immediately he took his decision. Henceforth all his energies and, if necessary, all his £80, should go towards her reclamation. She must give up her shameful life: he would work hard enough for both of them. And after their marriage they would go into the sweet country air and run a dear little pub of their own.

❋

WELL, the girl refused to believe him, laughed at him, tormented him—but only for a while. Soon enough she, too, was learning what love could mean. When he drew a picture of their life together in the future, she could, and did, cry, and think of her own innocent childhood in Devonshire's (or it may have been Durham's) most beautiful village. It was really most pathetic, not less so when she threw all her tawdry finery away and went to Mrs. Somebody's Agency to enrol as a housemaid. And to-day, if you care to go to the village of Somewhere-in-the-Marsh, you will find the dearest little pub presided over by two of the dearest creatures who ever drew a pint of alleged beer.

❋

IS this little idyll true? It is not. Could it happen? Only in the paper-backed novelettes, I am afraid. Then why mention the silly business at all? Because I am minded to wonder what would happen if a nice, clean waiter with £80 in the savings bank and a determination to get on really *did* fall in love with a pretty girl of the streets. And I believe that the right answer is to be found in Mr. Patrick Hamilton's new novel, *The Midnight Bell* (Constable: 7s. 6d.), which you are hereby exhorted to read.

❋

MR. HAMILTON is certainly forging ahead—and not only as a novelist, by the way, for he is the author of the successful play, *Rope*—and this new book of his is to my mind the best that he has so far written. It is brilliant comedy. The waiter in the pub is so real that he might be standing by your side, conveniently and commendably, with a glass of good ale. And his love affair with Jenny reads like the simple, the grotesquely simple, truth. She may be pretty, she may find him "different"—he asks for nothing but her love—and she may promise to get a real job. She may promise to marry him, and repeatedly strengthens that promise with all kinds of wonderful oaths, but—is anybody in the world capable of reforming her?

❋

NO; and in his heart poor Bob knows that it is so, and yet how can he give her up? He battles on manfully, but the heartless little wretch shows no mercy at all. Slowly but surely the £80 goes, and when it is gone there is nothing for him to do but to get blindly, paralytically drunk. Which is what he proceeds to do. It all sounds gloomy and tragic. Mr. Hamilton, however, could not be gloomy or tragic if he tried. He can discover fun in the unlikeliest situations, and there is wit and humour in every sentence that he writes. Very easily indeed he might have made of his tragi-comical story some sloppily sentimental novelette such as I have sketched out above. Instead he has dealt with a possible situation in a reasonable way, and as a result the book is a joy to read.

❋

JENNY, of course, never could be respectable, or at any rate not until the years have taken away all her beauty, and respectability seems likely to pay. It often does pay, even to-day, when we seem to have wandered so far from the real old "respectable" days of Victoria. Yet have we really changed so much, except in inessentials? There is another excellent novel just out, which may possibly answer *that* question. This is *The Galaxy* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7s. 6d.), by Susan Ertz, and a more gracious chronicle of those starchy days it would be difficult to find.

❋

NOW many of those who attempt what I may call the grand manner in fiction fail, not because they cannot paint a portrait or tell a coherent story, but because without a neatly woven plot, round about which all the action is to revolve, they seem to lose their sense of balance and wander off into the most unnecessary byways. Miss Ertz, it seems to me, shows herself to be fully competent to deal with the grandest of grand manners, and her story of Laura Deverell, who was born in 1862, an ordinary "respectable" woman of the middle classes, is one of the most satisfactory of its kind that I ever remember to have read.

❋

THIS may sound too effusive, and I dare say that in a moment of irritation I could find a passage here and there which could have been bettered, but I do say that the story of this woman who because she belonged to her age waited until her children were grown up, to run away from a worthless husband, is of quite extraordinary interest.

❋

FOR some reason or other I had never before read any of Miss Ertz's books, though I knew of her very considerable reputation. *The Galaxy* makes me wish that I had read all its predecessors. It is genuinely moving,

(*Continued on page 46*)

ROUND
10
GREAT STUFF
THIS
BASS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 44)

none the less so for its faint tinge of irony, and highly polished; at once a commentary on the times and an adventurous story. A week or two ago Miss Ashton published her *A Background for Caroline,* about which it was easy to be enthusiastic: in a somewhat similar setting Miss Ertz has produced an even more brilliant picture.

❋

One other really fine novel I must mention here. *Dewer Rides* (Gollancz: 7*s*. 6*d*.) is Mr. L. A. G. Strong's first attempt at fiction, and a very distinguished piece of work it is. It is the story of a Devonshire farmer who lapses from respectability to the other thing. You ask why? Well, it may have been due to the devil (who would seem to be a fairly familiar figure on Dartmoor), but it is more probably due to the girl who at the last moment finds him too pagan for her liking and refuses to go with him to the altar.

❋

It is a very good, well-written book, with some passages of such singular beauty that you are almost impelled to read them twice. For myself, I am not sure that Mr. Strong has not made a mistake in allowing forty years to elapse between two of his "parts": I am not even sure that his prelude was strictly necessary; but those are merely technical points. As it stands, the book is a big achievement, and may be warmly commended.

❋

Last week I spoke of kings: I now come to the queens, though on this occasion their thrones have not been in royal palaces, but on the stage. Both Yvette Guilbert and Sybil Thorndike, however, may be given regal honours, and, as it happens, books about them appear almost at the same moment. In *The Song of My Life* (Harrap: 21*s*.) Mme. Guilbert has written her autobiography (now very neatly translated by Beatrice de Holthoir), and in *Sybil Thorndike* (Butterworth: 21*s*.) her brother Russell has contrived an entirely informal but most entertainingly intimate sketch.

❋

Yvette always had her own way of doing things. She was never beautiful; she had no voice at all—and yet she carried everything before her. True, some of her songs were very naughty indeed—some of the earlier songs, I should say, for there came a startling change of programme—but she would have succeeded at anything. And perhaps her book will show why. It is full of odd adventures and quaint vignettes and plain speaking: not so indiscreet as it might have been, but very good reading.

❋

As for Mr. Russell Thorndike, he is a novelist as well as an actor, and he knows well enough why so many stage biographies are dull. Here is no full-dress affair, but a sparkling account of a dearly loved sister, not in the least like the heavy tragedienne that some people apparently imagine her to be, but jolly and human and—off the stage—delightfully "ordinary." R. S.

BRIDGE

RESULT OF BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 1

The first prize (of five guineas) is awarded to A. C. Morgan, of 32, Albion Street, Hyde Park, W.2, who recorded 38 points out of 40. He failed to "peter" in part II.

The consolation prizes are awarded to S. T. Mackay, Duffield, Upton Road, Watford; Mrs. E. J. Craik, 90, Great George Street, Glasgow, W.2; B. L. Williams, 69, Pembroke Road, Dublin; C. Crossman-Coplans, Union Society, University College, Gower Street, London; C. E. S. T. Lutley, 4, Queen's Gate, Plymouth; and Wing Commander C. E. Maude, H.M.S. *Nelson,* c/o G.P.O. To each of these six two packs of Bystander cards will be sent.

The answers to the problems are as follows:—

I.

(a) West, holding *S*—7; *H*—A, Q, 10, 2; *D*—K, J, 10, 4; *C*—Q, J, 8, 4, has a passing partner who dealt, and a spade called on his right. The score is: Game all; love all. The answer is: *No Bid.* West holds no justification for a negative double at that score. If *N S* were something up, a double would be in order.

(b) North, holding *S*—K, J, 6; *H*—Q, J, 3; *D*—A, Q, J, 5, 3; *C*—K, 7, is faced with a partner who dealt and called a heart, overbid by West with a no trump. E W have a game, N S are love. The answer is: *Double.* This gives a true picture of the hand, and is a positive double, partner having bid. It is obvious that the no trumper has a guard in hearts and a club suit. If he runs to clubs North can raise the hearts. At game out, a double is better than a game.

(c) Nearly everyone agreed that the correct bid by dealer on *S*—A, K, Q, 10, 5, 4, 2; *H*—nil; *D*—J, 10, 8, 4, 2; *C*—A, was *Four Spades.* Three is not enough for proper pre-emption.

(d) South calls One Heart; West, One Spade; North, Four Hearts; East holds: *S*—9, 6, 4, 2; *H*—J, 7, 5, 3, 2; *D*—nil; *C*—Q, J, 4, 3. He should say *No Bid.* His partner has bid only defensively, so he cannot be reckoned with a powerful hand. East has not the vestige of a trick. The pre-emptive raise in hearts looks as if the red major is divided four and four, while all the diamonds seem to lie N S. If West has a second bid (unlikely), then East can go back to spades with high hopes. A double is impossible. West may hold one trick in spades and a possible outside; East may make a trick in hearts—and may not, despite his five.

II.

S holds *S*—K, J, 9, 3; *H*—nil; *D*—K, J, 10, 9, 4; *C*—7, 5, 4, 3; W holds *S*—6; *H*—J, 10, 8, 7, 5, 4, 3; *D*—5, 3; *C*—8, 6, 2; N holds *S*—A, 10, 8,

(*Continued at foot of third column*)

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

There is bound to be a wide public for André Charlot's *Reminiscences.* Charlot, whose name is familiar to all who have the slightest interest in the theatre, has written his reminiscences while still in the swing, so that many of the personalities of whom he tells stories are present-day stars whose names are still well to the fore. This book includes stories of such personalities as Binnie Hale, Phyllis Monkman, George Robey, and Sir Harry Lauder, and should prove most interesting. To be published by Benns.

Cloth of Gold, the companion volume to Miss Elswyth Thane's *Riders of the Wind,* is to be published shortly by Murray. We are told that this is an exhilarating novel of India, the glowing, colourful India of tradition and romance. The cloth of gold is a marvellous robe, stolen from its temple shrine and lost in India. The story tells of its attempted recovery by an Englishman, aided by a daughter of the Vikings. It is a romance of adventure, danger, courage, mystery, and of a love resulting from these things shared.

In *Their Own Desire,* by Sarita Fuller, just published by Cassells, we are promised an exceptional novel. It is the study of intolerant youth . . . eighteen-year-old Lucia is uncharitably inclined towards her father when she hears of his love for another woman, so mother and daughter together fly East. But here the fates have laid a trap for Lucia in the form of a tempestuous lover—and many things are soon forgotten.

Among the many books to be published in the autumn to which we look forward is a novel by Mr. Sherriff based on his play *Journey's End.* To be published by Gollancz

Love by Accident is the title of a novel by Louis Marlow, author of *Two Made Their Bed.* The chief character in the story, we are told, is a young man incapable of taking love seriously; it is only by accident he gets involved in his various affairs and adventures, and his temperament, with the help of accident again, gets him clear before any harm—or good—is done. To be published in the autumn by Gollancz.

The Wave, by Evelyn D. Scott, to be published on July 8th by Cape, is a story of the American Civil War. We are told that the effect on the reader on rising up from reading it is that of having lived through the entire four and a half years of the most important event in American history. Lovers of the historical novel will welcome it.

Continued from second column

4; *H*—K, 6; *D*—A, Q, 7, 2; *C*—Q, J, 9; E holds *S*—Q, 7, 5, 2; *H*—A, Q, 9, 2; *D*—8, 6; *C*—A, K, 10. S is in with a contract of four spades doubled. W leads the jack of hearts. The crux of this hand is to ruff the first heart with the spade 9, go into Dummy with a diamond, lead the 8 of spades, and run-it. Lead a small spade, playing jack; then lead king of spades. You then enter Dummy with a diamond and draw the last trump, discarding a club. The balance of the diamonds are good. If you trump the first heart with the 3 of spades, you must, at trick 3, lead the spade 10 from North to shut out your own 9. Other solutions depend upon bad defence.

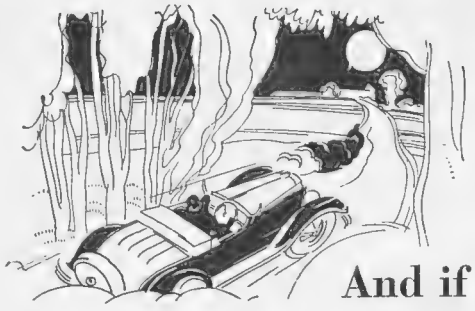
Aces Easy.

"Jim dear, I'm bored to tears!

Do take me out. I want to go to the gayest place on earth —I want to go to the Hotel de Paris at Bray . . . Jim . . . . That's no excuse, Jim. Ring up the G.D. people."

Cool lawns and the river. Cool rooms and a magic menu! Enchanting music! Dancing under the trees! Come one evening to the Hotel de Paris—the fashionable up-river fairyland.

Finest fleet of fast new cars in the world. 2 seaters, saloons. You drive yourself. No trouble, no time lost. The car is brought right to your door. When you get back, we will come and take it away. To Bray and back 60/-. Ring up Regent 7618-9, 26, Albemarle St., W.1. A perfect dinner, divine dancing and intriguing cabaret at the Hotel de Paris on the river's edge. Dinner, Weekday, 12/6 per head. Sunday, 17/6 per head.



And if it's a question of getting there, why, ring up Godfrey Davis and have a brand new high speed car for the evening. All G.D. cars are brand new.

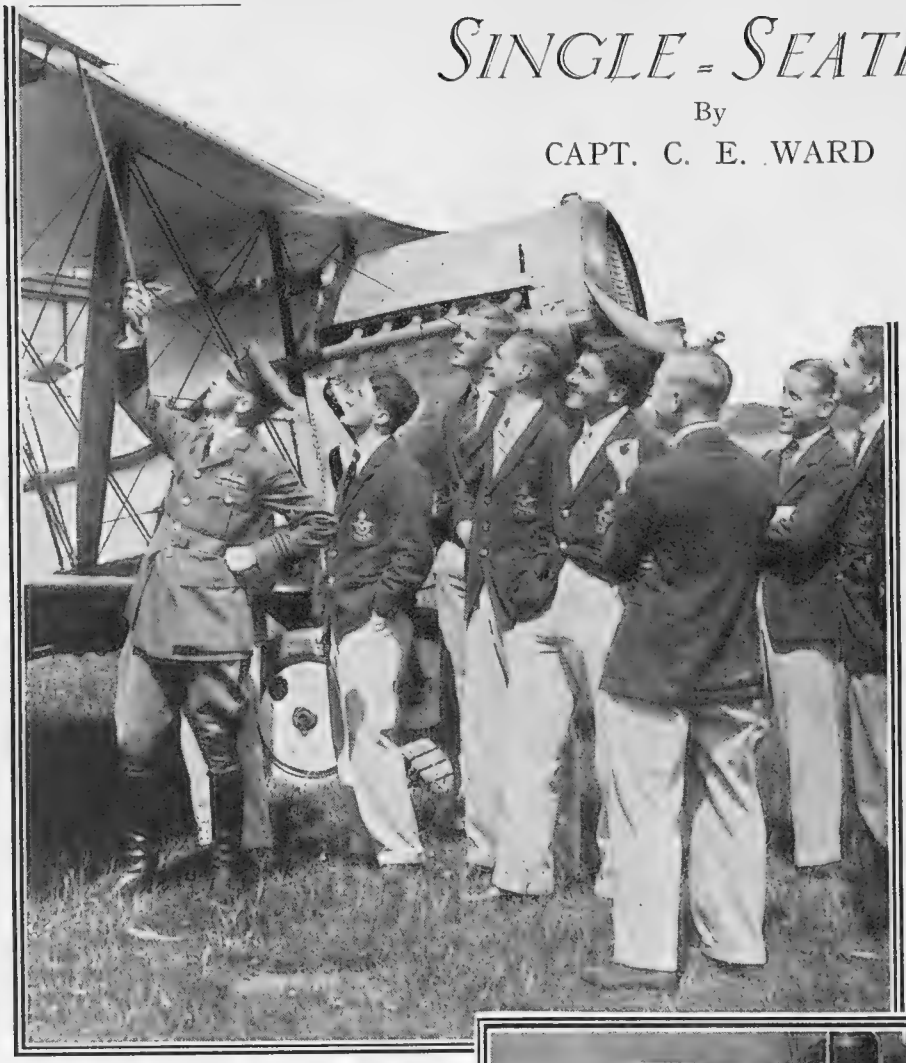
"G.D." it to the *HOTEL DE PARIS* at Bray!

G.D. Cars run on PRATT'S Oils.

FLYING NOTES

SINGLE-SEATERS for ALL

By CAPT. C. E. WARD



Central Press

Wing-Commander Vernon Brown explaining the "slotted wing" device to members of the Cambridge University Air Squadron at Old Sarum where they have been taking a fortnight's course. The Squadron was founded in 1925 with the co-operation of the University authorities and the Air Ministry

The Aero-cycle

At the Olympia Show there will be at least one single-seater light 'plane for the private owner of moderate means, and another, the Comper Swift is nearly ready for trials. Both types are fitted with the 40 h.p. A.B.C. Scorpion, and both are monoplanes selling at approximately £400. A genuine cruising speed of 85, a landing speed of 30 to 35, combined with a range of 350 miles at 40 miles to the gallon, brings this type within the range of thousands who cannot afford a two-seater. Perhaps it should be mentioned now, in order to avoid disappointment later on, that "flapper brackets"—or should it be "pockets;" let into the side of the fuselage?—are unlikely to be allowed on a normal certificate of airworthiness.

At Random

Arrangements are being made to install the Customs at Heston Air Park so that foreign visitors can make a bee-line for London's West End aerodrome without landing at Lympne or Croydon *en route*. Congestion at the latter port is not yet acute, but in a few years' time London will need airports of entry and departure on all the main trunk roads and tubes which radiate from it.

The attractive Desoutter monoplane illustrated last week was described as being of "great power," which may mislead the uninitiated into thinking that it is fitted with a racing type Napier Lion. Actually the engine is a standard Cirrus Mark III, so that the machine costs no more to run than the normal two-seater light 'plane, but with the advantage of that third seat.

The Test Pilot

Writing on the flying qualities of a Continental light 'plane fitted with an Armstrong Siddeley "Genet" engine, Walter Mittelholzer, the well-known Swiss pilot, says "the machine lifts like a modern 'chaser, stays in the narrowest curve without a slip, and performs loopings and *renversements sur l'aile* with an elegance which must be experienced to be appreciated." Could any test pilot do more than make his report and write a finished advertisement at the same time? The A.W.14, another new type to be exhibited at Olympia, has a performance which may well inspire some of our own pilots to flights of description. With a geared and supercharged Armstrong Siddeley "Jaguar," this machine can fly at 185 miles an hour at 20,000 feet, it climbs to 25,000 feet in less than twenty minutes.

Around the Clubs

The London Club reports three first soloists, amongst them the Hon. Miss M. K. Leith, and three suspensions in a week when the total flying time was seventy-two hours. Members indulging in stunts at a low altitude and performing other illegal operations with their aircraft are reminded that the day of the "air-cop" is approaching, when fines must be included in the probable running costs of the 'plane. The Lancashire Club is holding an informal meeting on Friday and Saturday at Squire's Gate Aerodrome, Blackpool, in conjunction with the Lancashire School of Aviation. Blackpool is the night halt for King's Cup competitors, so there should be an amusing evening on Friday, anyway. Intending visitors are asked to get in touch with the Secretary at Woodford. The Midland Club has recorded sixty and seventy hours' flying time per week, with twenty-five to thirty members under instruction and a dozen or so soloists.

A party of enthusiasts who flew to the Manchester Pageant. They are: Mr. A. Ainsworth (left), Mr. E. R. Adams, Miss W. Brown, Capt. Hall, Mr. R. F. Hall, Mr. J. C. Weal, Capt. Brown and Mr. R. H. Dobson

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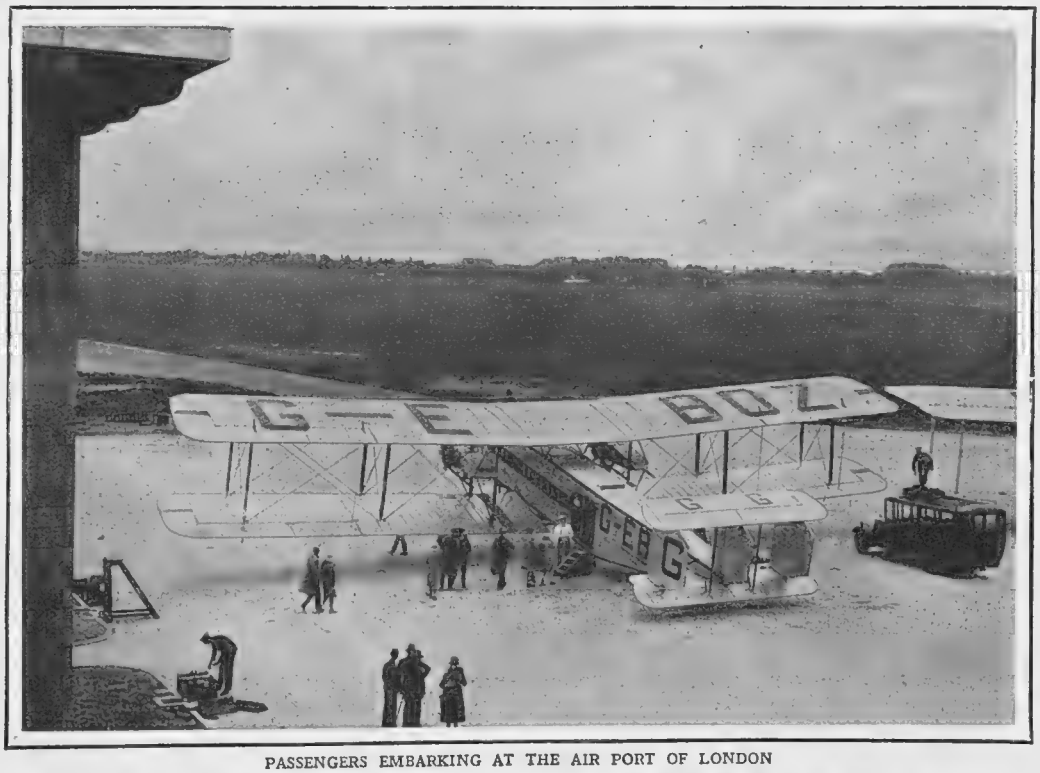

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Ad 402

MOTOR NOTES

GENTLEMEN—PRAY SILENCE!

By E. M. WRIGHT

THE Ministry of Transport have just lately issued their new "hush, hush" regulations—or, to give them their full official title, "The Motor Cars (Excessive Noise) Regulations, 1929." Though they will not come into force till August 1st next, motorists would do well to study their provisions. Very few regulations at present exist on the matter of noise, the chief of them being that which makes the use of a silencer compulsory. This provision remains, and now, in addition, we shall have to comply with a whole series of provisions, which—to say the least—will certainly require very careful interpretation to avoid infringing.

IN THE SEASON

The graceful lines of the Sunbeam 25 h.p. six-cylinder enclosed limousine are fully appreciated in the social event of the London Season

***

IN brief, they lay down that no motor vehicle shall be used which causes excessive noise through mechanical defect (including defects in construction), through lack of repair, or faulty adjustment, or through faulty packing of the load. A further provision makes general the regulation, at present in force in London parking places, that the use of the horn when the car is stationary shall be forbidden except when necessary on the grounds of safety. The penalty for breach of the regulations is to be a fine not exceeding £10, while the court may, in addition, endorse or suspend the driver's licence. So that's that!

***

NO one wants noise. Few, except those misguided humorists who cannot refrain from tooting the horn of a car standing by the roadside, deliberately seek to make unnecessary noise. If the regulations are fairly and impartially enforced, they should do good. But will they be fairly enforced? I wonder. No one will seriously object to the provisions with regard to faulty loading. Presumably, under this head the thoughtless milkman who drives a lorry loaded with clattering milk churns in the wee, sma' hours will be liable to a fine if he does not restrain the boisterous exuberance of his freight. It is, however, typical of all our road laws that these provisions apply to motor vehicles only. The driver of a horse-drawn vehicle may, apparently, still clatter to his heart's content under the very eyes of the police.

***

BUT it is the section dealing with mechanical noise that causes me the most serious misgivings. What, in the first place, *is* excessive noise? The owner of a high grade motor would be infinitely more perturbed than the most nervy policeman were his car to develop the noises which the man who runs a cheaper type has come to recognise as quite normal and unavoidable. Again, consider the case of a really old car. Its noises are the wheezings of age, and no amount of tinkering will reduce it to silence. And, lastly, there is the important question of road surfaces. A lorry, and to a less extent a car, passing over a stretch of cobble stones or over badly worn road surfaces, full of potholes, will raise noise fit to wake the dead, though it travel ever so silently on good roads. Is the motorist to be

The 4-Season Saloon

The Standard Nine is cleverly designed for English weather. The Stanlite sliding roof is opened to let in the sunshine or closed to shut out the showers with one hand without stopping the car.

The Standard Nine gives ample leg-room to four six-footers, its special springs iron out the roughest road. It offers the family man of modest means a new standard of convenience and of running costs—40 m.p.g., tax £10, oil consumption negligible.

The All-British Standard NINE

From £185

6-cyl. Fifteen "Exmouth" Saloon £325

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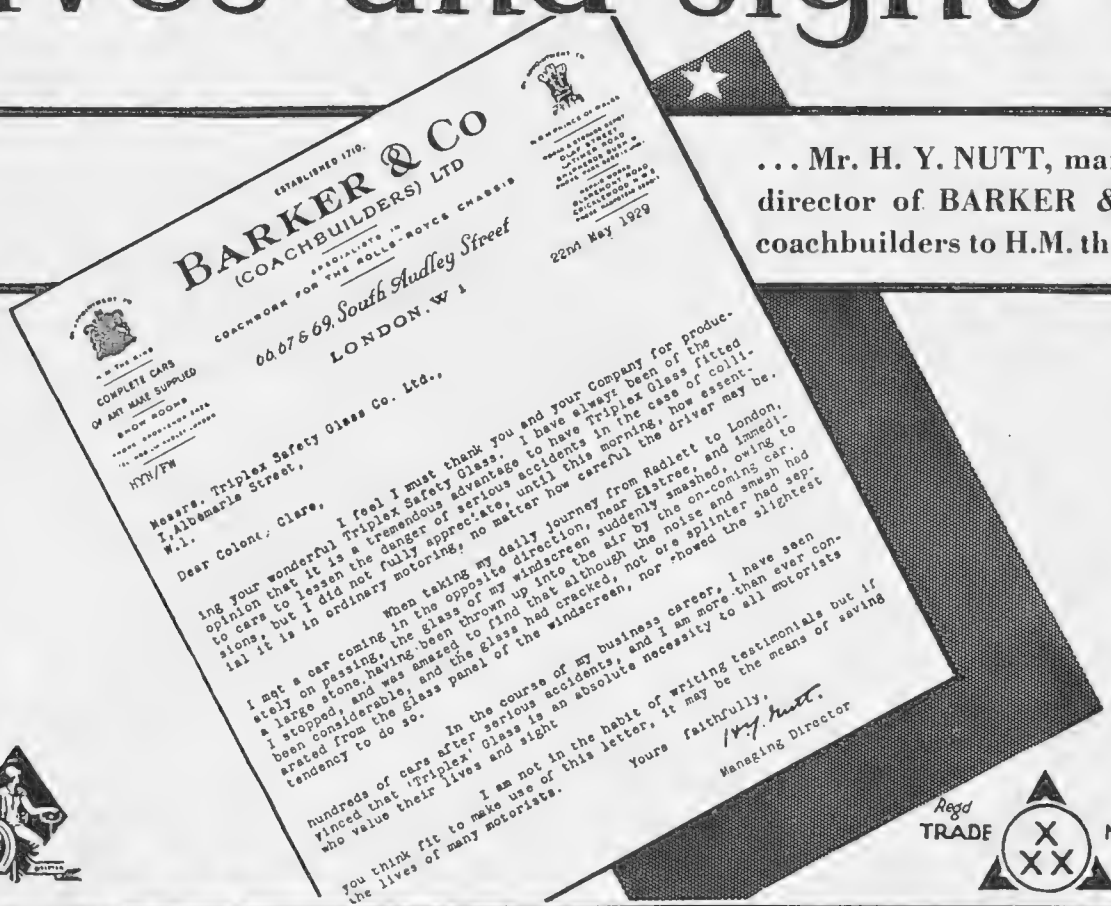
"I am more than ever convinced that Triplex is an absolute necessity to all motorists who value their lives and sight★"



... Mr. H. Y. NUTT, managing director of BARKER & CO., coachbuilders to H.M. the King

Regd TRADE MARK

Fit "TripleX" Regd. -and be safe!

Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd., 1 Albemarle Street, London, W.1

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 50)

punished for this? Surely the fault in such an instance is with the local authority for permitting such noise-creating road surfaces.

***

THE Ministry has indicated what shall be deemed a good defence in the case of a prosecution. This, shorn of the elaborate verbiage beloved of government departments, amounts to proof that the exercise of reasonable care and diligence could not prevent the vehicle or its load from broadcasting its progress along the King's highway. The question immediately arises; what is reasonable care and diligence? It is apparently open to a non-motoring magistrate to demand of a lorry the purring smoothness of a limousine, or insist that a load of girders shall travel with the same absence of noise as a consignment of hay. In each district policemen and magistrates, it seems, can set what standard they like. Motorists are already far too much at the mercy of magistrates, who, under the guise of delivering judgment, are, in fact, merely expressing their—frequently uninformed — opinion. Judging from past experience, I fear that these new regulations give police and magistrates alike still greater opportunities for indulging what at times amounts almost to "class hatred."

***

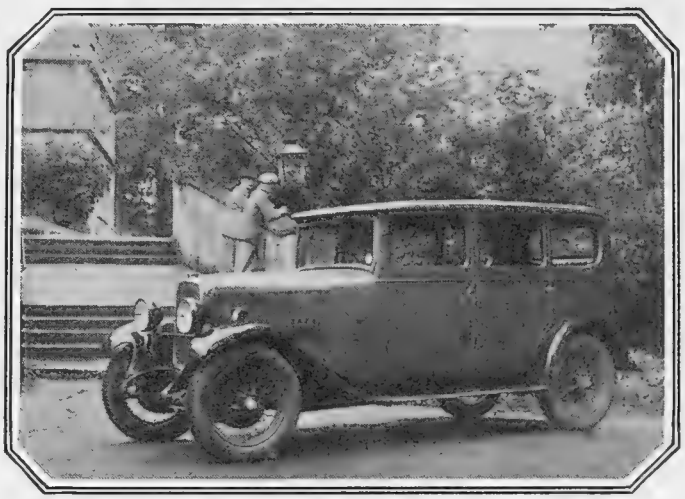
ONE of the few features common to all British cars is that they are so different. This paradoxical way of putting it is no exaggeration. Compared with the uniformity that characterises cars of other nations, each British car has to a wonderful degree a "feel" of its own. So it is with the 15 h.p. Standard Six. It is quite an exclusive, and in many ways unusual, type of car. The combination of a smooth engine, very nice transmission and steady steering make it a most easy car to drive on long distances or over trying roads. The engine is of a simple side-valve design with a seven-bearing crankshaft, and has a commendable degree of mechanical silence; the brakes are good; and the steering is of exactly the right weight and does not give the slightest suggestion of transmitting shocks from the road surface. The bodywork is extremely comfortable, even cosy, for its size.

***

THIS WEEK'S HINT

CLEANING THE CAR

CLEANING the car is admittedly not such an irksome or frequent task in the summer as it is in winter; but it should not be overlooked, especially if you have had to drive in the rain. The mud and grit should be carefully cleaned off the body panels, the tops of the mud-wings and off the bonnet at once, particularly if the car has a varnish finish. Cellulose, though not so likely to be damaged, is, however, by no means free from the possibility of injury. If only dust has settled, it may be lightly dusted. But otherwise swill the paintwork and dry off immediately. Rain spots, especially in towns where the air contains corrosive chemicals, should not be left to dry by natural evaporation. It is quite safe to leave mud on the wheels, but if one of them has to be changed, the job will be a particularly dirty one.

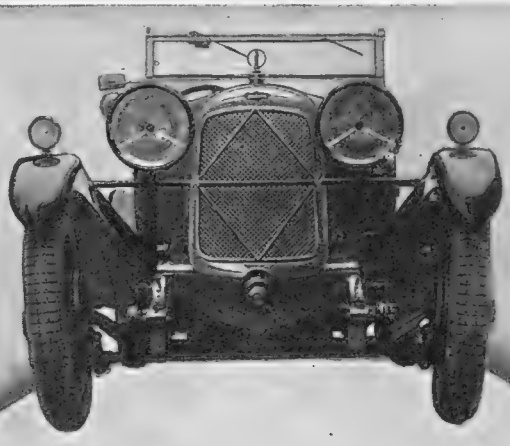


A view of the steps leading to the church in the old-world Warwickshire village of Mickleton. The car is an Alvis "Silver Eagle" saloon

The Dodge Water-Car

The Dodge Water-Car, which was referred to in our article, "Speed Boating, the New Sport," a fortnight ago, is handled in this country by Mr. H. Heyworth-Davis, of 24, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, who is the appointed sole agent for the British Isles for this well-known fast boat. The firm offers a prize of £25 to the first Dodge Water-Car purchased through Mr. Heyworth-Davis or his sub-agents which wins a prize in any competition conducted under the auspices of the Marine Motoring Association.

E. M. W.



Take all the fleet lithe characteristics of the flashing Lagonda Speed Model; add the silent energy and the vivid personality of the great Lagonda six-cylinder engine . . . . There milords and ladies, is a picture—your new Lagonda 3-litre "Special" six-cylinder. View it with reverence, handle it with awe—it is a masterpiece of modern British design; its 20th century craftsmanship rivals the greatest achievements of the Old Masters.

Chassis £835; Tourer £1000; Weymann Saloon £1100

Dunlop tyres and Cerric finish Standard to the All-British Lagonda.

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ON SALE DAILY, 9 till 7 (Thursdays close at 1 o'clock), at the Extensive Galleries of the Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, Ltd., Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, N. Any item may be purchased separately, can remain warehoused free for 12 months, or delivered to any part. ANTIQUES FREE OF DUTY.

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69 COMPLETE BEDROOMS, including COMPLETE ART ENAMELLED AND 36 SOLID OAK CLUB BEDROOM SUITES, with full panel Bedsteads and mattresses offered at £5 10s. set. Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Adam styles, also magnificent French and English Empire and others in choice Chinese Lacquer up to 700 Guineas, many originally costing over double the figure now asked.

GENUINE ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS, Tall Boy and shaped front Chests, corner washstands, with pewter and brass fittings, Wig stands, Toilet Mirrors, Sofa Tables, etc.

SILK AND OTHER DRAPERIES and a quantity of Axminster pile carpets, some slightly soiled, being offered at 2s. 9d. per yard (could make up to required sizes).

THE DINING, RECEPTION ROOM, SMOKING LOUNGES, and LIBRARIES comprise a magnificent collection of Walnut, Mahogany, and Old Oak furniture in styles of Cromwellian, Queen Anne, Georgian and Early Victorian, **the small complete suites, including Sets of Chairs, Sideboard, Table, etc., offered for 10 Guineas,** the more elaborate sets ranging up to 300 Guineas, many of these exquisite sets having cost over double the figure now asked to clear. Quantity of Cottage Wheel-back chairs at 5s.

LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS covered in real hide, finely sprung and upholstered, offered at 3 GUINEAS. Condition equal to new.

DRAWING ROOMS COMPRISE a large and choice selection of Settees and Lounge Easy Chairs with coverings of old French Aubusson Tapestry, Silk Velvet and Italian Genoa Velvet. One set in choicely carved and gilt frames being a replica of a set in the Chantilly Palace. **Several fine settees covered in Art Linen from 3 Guineas, with Lounge Easy Chairs to match from 35s.** In most cases quite unsoiled and worth treble the price quoted.

Several Axminster PILE CARPETS, scarcely soiled, from 3 GUINEAS; also several choice Real Persian, Turkey, and other Oriental makes of lovely design and colourings.

BABY GRAND PIANOFORTE. Exquisite tone, offered at 78 GUINEAS, and uprights from 10 Guineas.

CHIMING CLOCKS, Old English and other Table Glass, complete sets being offered from 55s. Canteens containing cutlery by Mappin and Webb and other well-known Makers from 4 GUINEAS.

20 H.P. MOTOR CAR. Quantity of Linen, Garden Utensils, Books and General effects.

On sale daily, 9 till 7 (Thursdays 1 o'clock),

AT THE EXTENSIVE GALLERIES OF THE FURNITURE AND FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.

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Within 10 minutes of West End.

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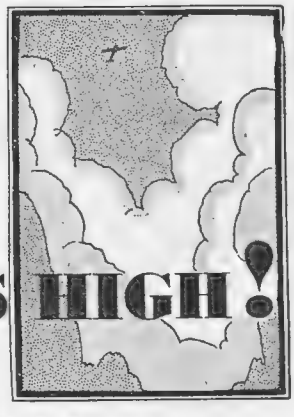

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On May 26th, Herr Neuenhofen, piloting a Junkers machine fitted with a Bristol Jupiter engine, established a new altitude record of 12,739 metres (nearly 8 miles).

For this great effort a British motor oil was chosen, CASTROL—the oil that has a world-wide reputation for unfailing efficiency under the most arduous conditions.

On land, on sea, and in the air Castrol has firmly established itself as the best oil possible.

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SPORTS CHAT

By "FIELD GLASS"

Photo Illustrations

The Canadian Argonauts out for a trial row at Henley. They are considered to have a good chance for the "Grand"

The University Fracas

THE sorrows of a racing prophet would be nothing compared with those of a cricket tipster, if there were such a thing. Cambridge were slaughtered by Sussex, who are nearly last in the championship table; Oxford murdered Northants, who are in the first six; Oxford were then beaten by an innings on a plumb Oval wicket by Surrey, who are one of the world's worst bowling sides. The question for solution is: "What will happen in the University match?" And the answer is, "Wait and see." Cambridge have more stolidity in batting than Oxford, but the latter have several brilliant bats who, if they come off, *might* win the match in an hour. Each side possesses one, and one only, good bowler in the persons of Blundell and Charlie Hill-Wood, either of whom *might* run through a side cheaply. "And now, boy," as Horace would have remarked, "fetch me a flask of the old Falernian."

Challenged!

THE Stars and Stripes are hard at it once again to prove our athletic effeteness. The annual Wimbledon contingent, of course, is here, still headed by the heavy artillery of Big Bill; and, as if that were not enough, our Transatlantic, and more nasal, cousins are having the temerity to challenge our oarsmen. The Columbia University crew won the Thames Cup Eights at Marlow, and are in for the Thames at Henley, but I do not fancy their chances much, nor that of their compatriots from Brown and Nichols School in the same event. I think that they will be, if not absolutely outclassed, knocked out very near the second round.

The Graduates' Paradise

HENLEY is, surely, the most charming social sporting event of the year. It is not so crowded as Lord's or Ascot, nor is the abomination of top-hat and stiff collar seen in the land. Flannels, chiffon, salmon mayonnaise, and ices—the last two, however, taboo for those unfortunate galley-slaves who toil and sweat to give us a holiday and Phyllis Court dividends. All those who have been "down" from the Universities for two or three years congregate, officially to see how their colleges acquit themselves, but actually to join in one of those panegyrics whose refrain is, "Do you remember . . .?"

Willow in His Kingdom

THE cricket season is in full bloom at the moment. A Test match, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, and then the Eton and Harrow social function causes a rush for the topper that sees the light once a year. Aydon Crawley has got a very well-deserved place in the Test side, and amateur cricket all round is on the up-grade. The schools have provided interesting cricket all the season, but I fancy that Winchester is by far the strongest, their batting in particular being very solid.

Planet News

The Columbia University (U.S.A.) crew, who are entered for the "Thames," practising on the Hudson. It is most unlikely that the cox will be garbed quite so unconventionally at Henley

BY JORGEN MYLLER

THE SHOW BOAT

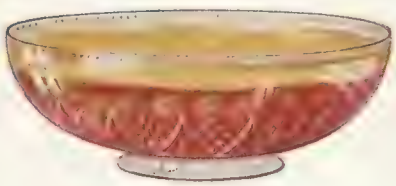
ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLIES

CHERRY SPONGE.

Stew ½ lb. cherries gently with a little water and sugar. Strain and stone. Make up syrup with hot water to ¾ pint; dissolve in this one Rowntree's Strawberry Jelly. When almost set, whisk to a light sponge. Add cherries, stir; pour into wet mould; leave to set.

FRUIT JELLY DAINTY.

Dissolve one Rowntree's Jelly in ¾ pint hot water. Put aside a small cupful. When remainder is cold, but not set, stir it with ½ pint milk; pour into border mould. When set, turn out. Fill centre with the cupful of jelly, turned out and chopped.



GOOSEBERRY TRIFLE.

Stew 1 lb. gooseberries with sugar and enough water to cover them. Strain; and place in glass dish. Then dissolve one Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly in ¾ pint of gooseberry juice; pour over fruit. When set, cover with custard or whipped cream.

Jellies of Quality

Clear as crystal—firm, yet melting in the mouth, Rowntree's Jellies always turn out well. They lend themselves to the making of innumerable dainty dishes, delighting the eye with a rainbow of shimmering colour, and the palate with their varied and delicate fruit flavours.

Here are three happy thoughts for the sweet course—and you will find many more in Rowntree's Recipe Book of Chocolate and Jelly Dainties, free on request to Rowntree's, B.11 Dept., York.

10 Varieties.

Raspberry, Lemon, Strawberry, Pineapple, Greengage, Blackcurrant, Orange, Cherry, Lime Fruit and Vanilla.

Pint 4½D. packet

Fashions Fancies

RIVER FROCKS FOR HENLEY

Clear bright colours look best against a background of green trees and dappled water. On the left of this picture is a heavy white crêpe de Chine dress, over which is worn a striking Sarah silk coat patterned in red, black and white It is sponsored by D. H. Evans, who present another novel idea in the jumper suit. This is made from green and white handkerchief squares bordered with shadow stripes The shirt is of green crêpe de Chine

THE ART OF CHOOSING WISELY

This flowered taffeta picture frock comes from Peter Robinson. The full draperies, which are carried across the sides, form a modified bustle at the back

A Satisfactory Budget

A SELECTIVE faculty which functions wisely and well is the secret of good dressing. Those who have cultivated it will be in their element now and during the next few weeks, for the shops are full of tempting things, offered at far below their usual value, and those women who have made careful lists of the replenishments that are needed in their wardrobes will be able to effect really big and true economies in their dress budgets.

Preliminary Favours

THE usual throng of visitors to Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street and Regent Street, W., is supplemented at present by those who have learned that during the two weeks preceding their sale, which commences on July 15th and continues until the 27th, offers of particular value are being made in the gown and coat departments. Model gowns in lace, with or without coats, which usually cost about 14 guineas, are available for 9 and 10 guineas. Lace two-piece ensembles with flared and dipping hems cost only 6 guineas, while others with printed crêpe de Chine dresses and long georgette or crêpe de Chine coats are priced at 6½ guineas. There are also outsize printed crêpe de Chine frocks for 5 guineas; tweed and suiting coats for 4½ guineas; holiday wraps of Yorkshire tweed for 70*s*., and three-piece suits in suitings or stockinette for 59*s*. During the sale itself drastic reductions will be made in every department, including those devoted to the requirements of men and boys.

No Time to be Lost

THOSE who have not yet explored the possibilities of Knightsbridge should lose no time in going to Gooch's, where, during the sale, which started on July 1st and will be in progress for the two following weeks, delightful hand-made voile frocks, with finely tucked organdie and lace vests, collar and cuffs, may be secured for 20*s*. instead of 42*s*. Model gowns have been reduced from 10 and 15 guineas to 6½ guineas, and evening frocks which were from 6 to 7 guineas now cost only £4. Nobody will want to miss the opportunity of procuring a smartly tailored skirt, pleated, plain, or cut on circular lines, in plain or fancy material, for 7*s*. 6*d*., or pull-on washleather gloves at 2*s*. 11½*d*. (three pairs for 18*s*. 9*d*.), and good quality pure silk stockings for the same price.

An All-important Factor

NO matter how charming one's dress or suit may be, it can never confer an air of distinction unless the foundation garment is correct. Particularly is this true just now, when clinging frocks of diaphanous fabrics are enjoying so great a vogue. Madame James, of 5, Old Burlington Street, is a *corsetière* who, through years of experience, is able to emphasise the natural beauty of the figure, correcting defects, not by undue restriction and unyielding bones, but by the intricacy of the cut of her garments, each of which is designed to meet individual needs. Illustrated on this page is one of her charming reversible satin wraps, lightly quilted. It costs 6½ guineas. Others, which would be ideal for travelling, are of heavy crêpe de Chine, adorned with faggot stitching and graceful revers. She makes a speciality of trousseaux, some of her lingerie sets being really exquisite in colour and workmanship.

Pink daisies on a beige chiffon ground make this lace-trimmed ensemble extraordinarily attractive. The little coat follows the line of the skirt It is sponsored by Peter Robinson

Hydrangea pink and pale mauve satin is used by Madame James for this reversible wrap, which has lightly quilted borders. It is soft and warm without being cumbersome

Jewels you must have!

When a promising new frock goes out and about and doesn't seem quite to live up to its promise, a Ciro brooch brings it to dazzling perfection. Should one's eyes and one's outlook lack brilliance, it is Ciro ear-rings that restore the glow in both! Nobody dared admit, when jewels were stay-at-home heirlooms, how essential were jewels to chic. But now, when every smart frock and hat is matched with its Ciro emeralds or sapphires, there's no excuse for any of us who dim our brilliance for lack of a Ciro gem, when it can be bought for as little as a guinea.

¶ AN INVITATION. *Send for the booklet of Ciro jewels No. 7. Choose anything you see pictured there and send us its cost. If after fourteen days you are not fully satisfied, send your purchase back and the sum you have spent shall be returned in full.*

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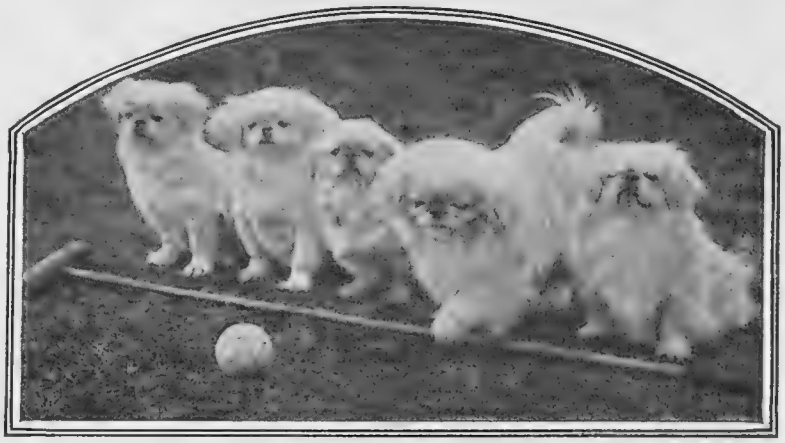
DOGS

KEEPING FIT IN SUMMER

By "THE KENNELMAN"

SPILLERS are benching and feeding a big Dog Show at Exeter to-day (Wednesday), and Spratts do the same for Taunton to-morrow. It is to be a full month for Shows, and Spillers have made arrangements to ensure the well-being of Dogs from all over the Kingdom who will assemble for the great picnic Show of the year at Richmond on the 9th—an event which always attracts a big attendance of overseas visitors and Dog-loving Londoners. Tiverton, Darlington, Worksop, and Redhill (the last-named on the 11th) all promise good Shows, and the last day of the month brings an outdoor Show at Bromley and the big Irish Terrier parade of the year in Dublin, to celebrate the Irish Terrier Club's jubilee, at a time when this game and hardy breed is enjoying more public favour than for some years past.



L.N.A.

Mrs. Goad's Pekingese wondering whether to take up polo. They are seen at Ranelagh, where the Peking Palace Dog Association's summer show was held recently

CORRESPONDENTS who write about summer diet for Dogs are some of them cherishing rather mischievous illusions. The Dog does not need a reduced dietary in summer-time, and it is a grave mistake to imagine he is best served now by being given sloppy meals of the kittenish sort. Dogs *never* thrive on soft, sloppy food; and in hot weather such a diet tends to produce the opposite of the desired effects, because the indigestion and flatulence to which it gives rise causes overheating and consequent skin trouble, to say nothing of permanently ill-effects upon teeth, white tongues and unpleasant breath.

NO, rather more than less in warm weather Dogs need *hard* food that gives real exercise to jaws and teeth; big bones to chew and gnaw, and biscuit food to crunch. (A raw bone that has already served once may be made attractive next day by being allowed ten minutes scorching in the oven. Don't leave them for more than half an hour at a time with the Dogs, and never use the dangerous small bones that can be splintered.) Dog-keepers who want to introduce fish as a variant from meat in summer-time should bear in mind that there's deadly peril in fish bones of every sort and size. The best way known to "The Kennelman" of giving Dogs the benefit of fishy food—and its value is undeniable—is this: Make friends with your fishmonger, and get him to set aside for you, say once a week, a good dump of fish heads and scraps and all the invaluable framework that is cut away in the process of filleting. Put this into a boilerette or Parrish cooker with a little water, and let it simmer slowly for as long as possible—all day for choice. Strain off the liquor carefully through butter-cloth, and you have the real goodness of fish; a splendid food for Dogs, with no bony perils. Soak your biscuit foods in this and let them get cold and dry before serving. The rest of the liquor will solidify into a jelly which can be mixed with dry biscuits.

Your dog's appearance is made or marred, by the quality of his coat. A profusion of lustrous hair, grown from a clean, wholesome skin is the ideal condition. Breeders and exhibitors will tell you that for beautifying the coat there is nothing superior to the famous non-poisonous insecticidal shampoo—

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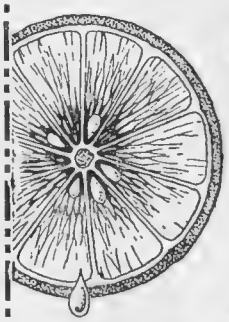

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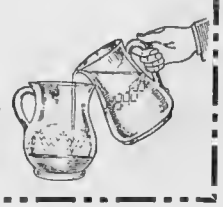

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THE new Surf-riding is everywhere becoming the favourite seaside amusement—for old folk, young folk—for swimmers, bathers. This is a race between Father on a crocodile and Pamela on a duck. You are always safe on a Dorco animal. It is as secure as a lifebelt—***fitted with double air chambers.*** It is infinitely strong—made of stout rubber, with carefully strengthened seams. Call in at any of the better sports shops or stores and examine the newest Dorco models at your leisure. In case of any difficulty, just write to L. Rees & Co., 12, New Union Street, E.C.2, who will gladly furnish the name of your nearest Dorco dealer.

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DORCO BATHING CAPS.

THE VEXÈD QUESTION

By "ACES EASY"

I SAID in public two weeks ago, and last week, as I have said in private for the past five years, that to take out a no-trumper on any five cards of a major is a winning, not a losing, scheme of play. It seems to escape the "strength-only" school that even the no-trumpers the most conservative of them advocate are rarely good for the contract, let alone for the game. Is the unfortunate holder of a "bust," who can, by bidding a five-card suit, minimise his losses, to increase them merely to oblige the no-trump caller?

⁂

IT is admitted that the weak take-out will save points, but, say the strength merchants, "it is better to keep to a rule than to save points." The lack of ambiguity more than compensates for the penalties saved. On the same analogy, I suppose, one might establish a conventional rule to bid Three Spades only when holding six to tierce major and the ace-king of diamonds. It is not ambiguous—but it is limiting. If your partner says, "I hate being taken out of no trumps on weakness"—as many do—I advise you to elevate your aristocratic nose to heaven and sniff. If you are not on sniffing terms, I suggest you should say, "You bid your cards, partner, and I will bid mine; then we shall both be happy—or miserable."

⁂

I GIVE you the following advice, however: Do not take out on *four-card* suits unless you hold four honours and an outside trick. The theory underlying the take-out is that a five-card suit faced with a well-distributed no trumper is worth more nearly three tricks than two. You therefore raise contract one to increase the value of your cards by three—a saving of two tricks. But the value of a weak *four*-card suit is negligible.

⁂

THE denial system, condemned by some conservative players (you have probably met them: crusty colonels, hard-bitten females of fifty plus with rat-trap mouths and skinny fingers, and smug old merchants in white waistcoats and frock coats) is responsible for infinitely more games than losses. The other day, playing with one such partner, I held six spades to the king, four hearts to the ten, a singleton diamond and a doubleton club. After three passes she called no trumps. I disobeyed her prejudice and bid my spades. I saw the skinny fingers claw at the air; I noted the ominous tightening of the rat-trap mouth; I smiled benignly as my partner went two no trumps.

Knowing her predilection for *sans-à-tout* —and her play of the cards—I called three hearts! She went down (in high dudgeon) with S— ——; H—A, K, Q, J; D—A, Q, 4, 2; C—K, J, 10, 8, 7. There was, of course, no justification for her original call; it was a heart bid. For her denial of my spades she should have bid hearts or clubs.

I made the game with ease in the only contract that could give it to us, by denying twice on weakness. One case proves nothing, but there are many hands that require free denials on bad cards.

I ONCE (I am risking my reputation as a card-player and a bridge-writer in telling this story, but still), after a good dinner, with an erratic partner, held the following hand as dealer: S—8, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2; H— ——; D—A, K.; C—6, 5, 4, 3, 2. With commendable restraint, I said "No bid," despite my diamond holding. I want 3 tricks outside to bid so weak a suit as my spades, not 2. On my left came a yell of "4 hearts." My partner pondered and passed, a procedure followed by East. I recalled the score (game all) and said "4 spades." "No," said West. "N-n-n-no," said North." "DOUBLE," said East. I subsided, West wavered and passed, North deliberated and went 4 no trumps. "DOUBLE," said East.

At this point I demanded a whisky and soda. It was obvious my partner did not support my spades; equally obvious that the hearts were adverse. My partner held no diamond tops, I had them myself. I went 7 clubs and slotted my drink. "DOUBLE," said East, and "REDOUBLE," said my partner. I asked for another drink. My partner, however, laid down the following hand: S— ——; H—A; D—J, 10, 7, 6, 4, 2; C—A, K, 10, 9, 8, 7. Of course, we got it, and the second whisky was congratulatory, not consolatory. It may be of interest to know that West held 10 hearts and 3 singletons, and East the 6 top spades.

This freak shows clearly the value of getting into the right suit, by a system of denials. It also shows the value of a take-out even on weakness.

THREE BRITISH TRIUMPHS

THE RYDER CUP

Won by the English Ryder Cup Team captained by George Duncan at Moortown Course, Leeds, on April 27.

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Won for England by Flight-Lieutenant S. N. Webster piloting a Supermarine-Napier S.5 Monoplane at the Lido, Venice, on September 26, 1927.

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CYDER CUP (Inexpensive). Large bottle Whiteway's Cyder, small soda water, teaspoon Angostura, juice of two oranges and one lemon, fresh fruit in season. Sugar if desired. Well iced.

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SOME JULY DISHES

Smoked Salmon à la Cardinal

CUT some smoked salmon in wafer-like pieces and lay them on slices of tomatoes over slices of cucumber, garnish with strips of hard-boiled white of egg and chopped capers.

Eels à la Poulette

CLEAN and skin some eels, let them boil with salt, pepper, and vinegar. Then cut them into three-inch pieces. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter, add a small, finely chopped onion, stir in one tablespoonful of flour until brown, then add one cup of water, salt, pepper, one bay leaf, some parsley and thyme. Let the sauce boil well, then add the eels and one glass of wine. Boil ten minutes longer, thicken the sauce with the yolks of two eggs well beaten and seasoned with lemon juice. Dish up and serve.

Braised Veal

NEATLY trim a nice piece of fillet of veal and put it into a deep casserole dish with some slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt and spices to taste. Lay the veal in the middle and moisten it with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours in the oven, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, put it into a small saucepan, thicken it with butter smoothly mixed with a small quantity of flour, and when it has boiled up pour it over the veal and send to table in the casserole.

DINER à 25/-

Melon Rafraîchi
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Crème Favorite
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Salade de Saison

Asperges Vertes Beurre Fondu

Pêche Glacée Sans Souci
Friandises

Joseph Benzi
Joseph Veech
Le 13 Juin, 1929

The menu of a dinner served at the Hungaria Restaurant's River Club at Maidenhead

Lemon Snow Mould

TAKE ½ lb. of caster or granulated sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the whites of two eggs. Dissolve ½ oz. of gelatine in half a pint of cold water gently by the fire, not allowing it to boil, and stirring it occasionally. Put all into a large basin and whisk thoroughly; it will then turn out like a thick white cream. Pour into a mould and let it set. It is better made the day before it is wanted.

Foie Gras in Aspic (Cold)

LINE some small moulds with aspic, then place a good piece of foie gras in each; fill up with aspic. Leave till set, then turn out and serve either with a mayonnaise salad or on chopped aspic. This is a very pretty dish.

To the motorist hard roads are the easiest to travel.

* * *

IT is those who have tried it most frequently who are convinced that marriage is a failure.

* * *

EDUCATION is first aid in finding out how little you know.

* * *

SHOPS are advertising "holiday needs." *We* always need one!

* * *

A DOCTOR says that the way to keep young is to live with young people. Yes, and the way to grow grey is to try to keep up with them.

* * *

A NEED of the age is less scheming to get through without working and more working to get through without scheming.

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The French Natural Mineral Water.

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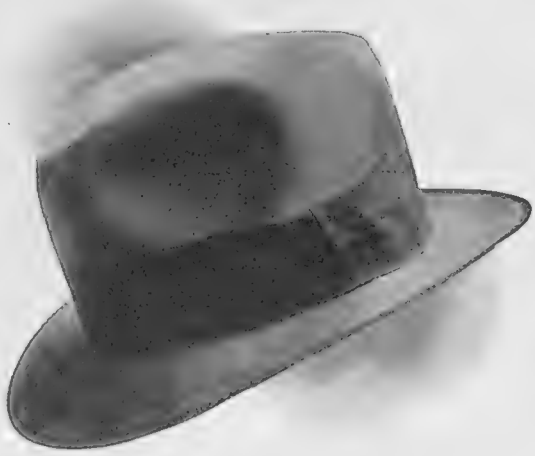

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Similar to the above, but with cut edge to the brim instead of the narrow binding - - - - - - - 30/-

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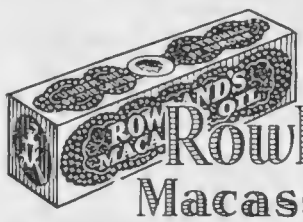

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Magical Music

The Phantom Orchestra recently heard at the London Coliseum has been installed by Gamage's, of Holborn, in their luncheon and tea rooms. Played without human agency, the orchestra, consisting of a piano, a sousaphone, a bombardon, two trombones, a French horn, four saxaphones, two violins, and one string bass, renders a delightful selection of music during luncheon and tea.

A French Memorial

The Association des Anciens Combattants, which occupies in France a similar position to that held by the British Legion in this country, have taken the initiative in arranging for a national memorial to be erected to the late Marshal Foch. This memorial will be raised at Plougean, near Morlaix, Finistère, where the Marshal used to spend his holidays, and where he interested himself in the welfare of the humble village folk, who will pay tribute not only to Foch the soldier, but also to Foch the man who did so much to help others. The plan has been cordially approved by his widow, and now arrangements are proceeding apace.

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL AND CLUB, OSTEND

A view of the de luxe *hotel, which also runs a gambling club in Ostend. It faces the Kursaal, and, being under excellent management, is a very popular place*

A Great Singer

Chaliapine records exclusively for "His Master's Voice." Some new recordings of his have been issued this year by The Gramophone Company, and he has just made some further discs. The great singer writes to the public as follows: "I have asked The Gramophone Company to allow me to take the opportunity of my visit to England to tell you about my 'His Master's Voice' records. I am very particular about my records. When I sing for the gramophone I give my best, and the records are part of me—I feel almost that they are of my flesh and blood. No matter where I sing my songs I always feel as if I am the father of those song-children! You can, therefore, understand my emotion when I have to sing them facing the recording machine of 'His Master's Voice.' I cannot, alas! visit every town in this beautiful country of yours, but if I cannot come and see you myself, remember that in my records you have, as I say, a little part of me. I have been asked which are my best records: it is hard for me to say, for I will never let a record of mine be issued that is not the best I can do; but I particularly like my records of 'The Song of the Flea,' aria 'Kontchak,' from 'Prince Igor'—by Borodine, 'The Farewell and Death of Boris,' 'When the King Went Forth to War,' and the 'Death of Don Quixote,' and, of course, 'The Song of the Volga Boatmen.' But the 'Volga Boatmen' song makes me very sad, for I think sometimes of those sad days when I worked for a time on the marshy banks of our great mother river, the Volga."

Inveresk Group Dividends.

The following interim dividends have been declared by subsidiaries of the Inveresk Paper Co., Ltd.: Carrongrove Paper Co., Ltd., 5 per cent. actual on Ordinary shares; Caldwells Paper Co., Ltd., 5 per cent. actual on Ordinary shares; Westfield Paper Co., Ltd., 5 per cent. actual on Ordinary shares; Annandale and Son, Ltd., 7½ per cent. actual on Ordinary shares; Chalmers Paper Mill, Ltd., 20 per cent. actual on Ordinary shares; Olive and Partington, Ltd., 5 per cent. actual on Ordinary shares; Provincial Newspapers, Ltd., 5 per cent. actual on Ordinary shares; Turners Paper Mill Co., Ltd., 5 per cent. actual on Ordinary shares. These dividends are all payable on July 10. It is anticipated that the interim Ordinary dividend of the Inveresk Paper Co., Ltd., will be announced on July 11.

A Festival Week

The Welwyn Garden City Festival Week will take place on July 6 to July 13 on the Parkway ground. Apart from many interesting performances at the Welwyn Theatre, there will be a grand twilight tattoo, including a musical ride by the 17th/21st Lancers, and other features of interest.

LA BAULE (Brittany)

EASTER TO OCTOBER

The sunny beach. Delightful in Spring and Autumn.
Theatrical Season at the Casino. Gala Dinners at the Ambassadeurs.
AUGUST: The great automobile month. Speed Racing on the Sands. Regattas.
SEPTEMBER: Gd. Meeting International d'Hydraviation. (Organised by the Aero Club of France.)
75 Tennis Courts. International Tournaments. 18-hole Golf Course. Championships.

For all information apply to:
Syndicat d'Initiative: LA BAULE (Loire-Inférieure).

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ST. MALO to LA BAULE via RENNES, REDON, LA ROCHE-BERNARD, GUERANDE, LA BAULE.

From ST. MALO to LA BAULE, 70 miles. Excellent motor road. On request to the Hotel Directors, de luxe cars can be sent to the landing stage at St. Malo.

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July and from 1st to 15th of September, Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday.
In August - - Daily Service.

PARIS (Quai d'Orsay) direct to La Baule. Four express trains a day, including one Pullman and one sleeping car. Very good motor road through Chartres, Le Mans, Angers, Nantes, La Baule.

Deauville to La Baule: Motor road, 228 miles, via Caen, Rennes, Redon, La Roche-Bernard, Guérande, La Baule.

Nobody listens nowadays,

but everybody looks. Say it with a 'Kodak'

snapshot. It speaks so much more

clearly than words.

Celebrities who appreciate Achille Serre Service.

Mrs. Lycett's tribute :—

"I have received the garment that I sent you to be cleaned and I am delighted with the way you have done it. It will be very satisfactory to feel that I can send my tennis dresses, etc., to Achille Serre and know that they will receive such careful attention."

Joan W. Lycett.

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S.21

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~for you this wonderful belt

—ideal for dancing, riding, games and all strenuous exercise. Feather-light, utterly comfortable, the Roussel Belt, the Queen of Elastic Belts, gives firm support and gently tones down too generous outlines, yet it yields to every active movement. Each garment slips on without fastening and is made of the finest elastic tricot. Prices 16/- upwards. The dainty Roussel Brassière which gives the bust the modern outline without restriction is designed to be worn with the Roussel Belt. Call or write for Free Booklet.

To assure you a perfect Fit all our creations are

On Sale only at J. Roussel of Paris
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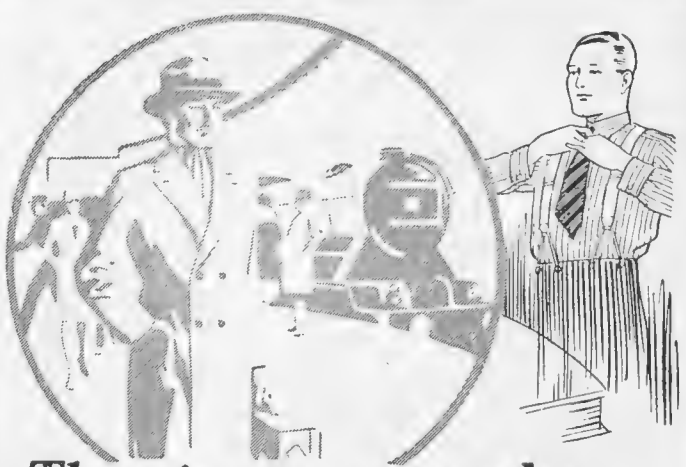

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"Tricoline" is a Wemco Fabric.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
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Sold everywhere 6d 1- 2/- & 4/-
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The only reliable lip-stick for "La Femme chic"

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New in composition
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A master piece in three shades.

No 1 - Natural (for fair complexion)
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Trial size 6d
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NATURE'S LIP-STICK

Obtainable from all Leading Hairdresser Chemists and Stores.
Sole British Agents: DEBACQ & HARROI 68, Newman Street, Oxford St. LONDON W.

STOCKTAKING SALE COMMENCES MONDAY, JULY 8th, AND CONTINUES FOR TWELVE DAYS.

500 yds. FRENCH SUITING
striped and plain to match, in shades of grey, rust, brown, wine and navy, for smart tailored suits. 56 inches wide. Original Price 15/9
Sale Price 6/11 per yard.

Model Gown Department

MODEL FUR COATS in Persian Lamb and Squirrel, golden nutria, natural grey and new dyed squirrel, etc., of which sketch in fine quality black pony skins, trimmed monkey, is an example. Original Prices **165/198 Gns.**
Sale Price 89 Gns.

ATTRACTIVE NIGHTDRESS in pure silk Milanese, sleeveless design with V neck, trimmed dainty lace insertion. In lemon, pink, sky, cyclamen, mauve, coral and ivory.
Sale Price 21/9
CHEMISE to match, **14/9.**
DIRECTOIRE KNICKER to match, **16/9**

FUR TRIMMED COATS, adapted from Paris models in various styles and colours, of which sketch in soft beaver coloured faced cloth, trimmed brown lamb fur to tone, is an example. Original Prices **15½ to 17½ Gns.**
Sale Price 10½ Gns.

REST WRAPPERS in satin, crêpe de Chine, etc. Various styles and colours, of which sketch in georgette, finished heavy lace of a guipure design, trimmed marabout and hand veining, is an example. Original Prices **12½ to 16½ Gns.**
Sale Price 8½ Gns.

AFTERNOON FROCKS, many exact copies of original Paris models, made from good quality materials in various colourings, of which sketch, a jumper suit in rich quality crêpe de Chine, tucked jumper effect and pleated skirt, is an example. Original Prices **8½ to 12½ Gns.**
Sale Price £5 18 6

REMNANT DAYS FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Sale Catalogue Post Free

CHARMING SLIP in rich washing crêpe satin, daintily trimmed hemstitching. In ivory, pink, peach and other colours. Lengths from shoulder 39 to 43 ins.
Sale Price 27/9
KICKERS to match, **23/9**
Post orders accepted.

SLEEVELESS CRÊPE DE CHINE JUMPER, V neck and ends slotted through to give a tie effect; finished fine stitching. In ivory, shades of beige, lemon and flesh. Sizes: 42, 44 and 46.
Sale Price 25/9
In washing crêpe with suede finish. In good colours, **29/6.** *Post orders accepted.*

STOCKINETTE FROCKS for girls. Full skirt with waist belt and buckle, and embroidered wool flower in shades to tone. In cyclamen, brown, beige and green. Sizes: 33 36 and 39 ins.
Sale Prices 31/6, 33/6 and 35/6

THE CORSLO SVELTE, in cotton tricot, all bones removable for washing; two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required: bust, hips and waist.
Sale Price 73/6
In silk tricot, **SALE PRICE 6½ Gns.**

PRACTICAL FROCK for small girls, in mixture wool stockinette, with collar and cuffs of crêpe de Chine, with embroidered edge. In shades of green or rose.
Sale Price 35/9

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
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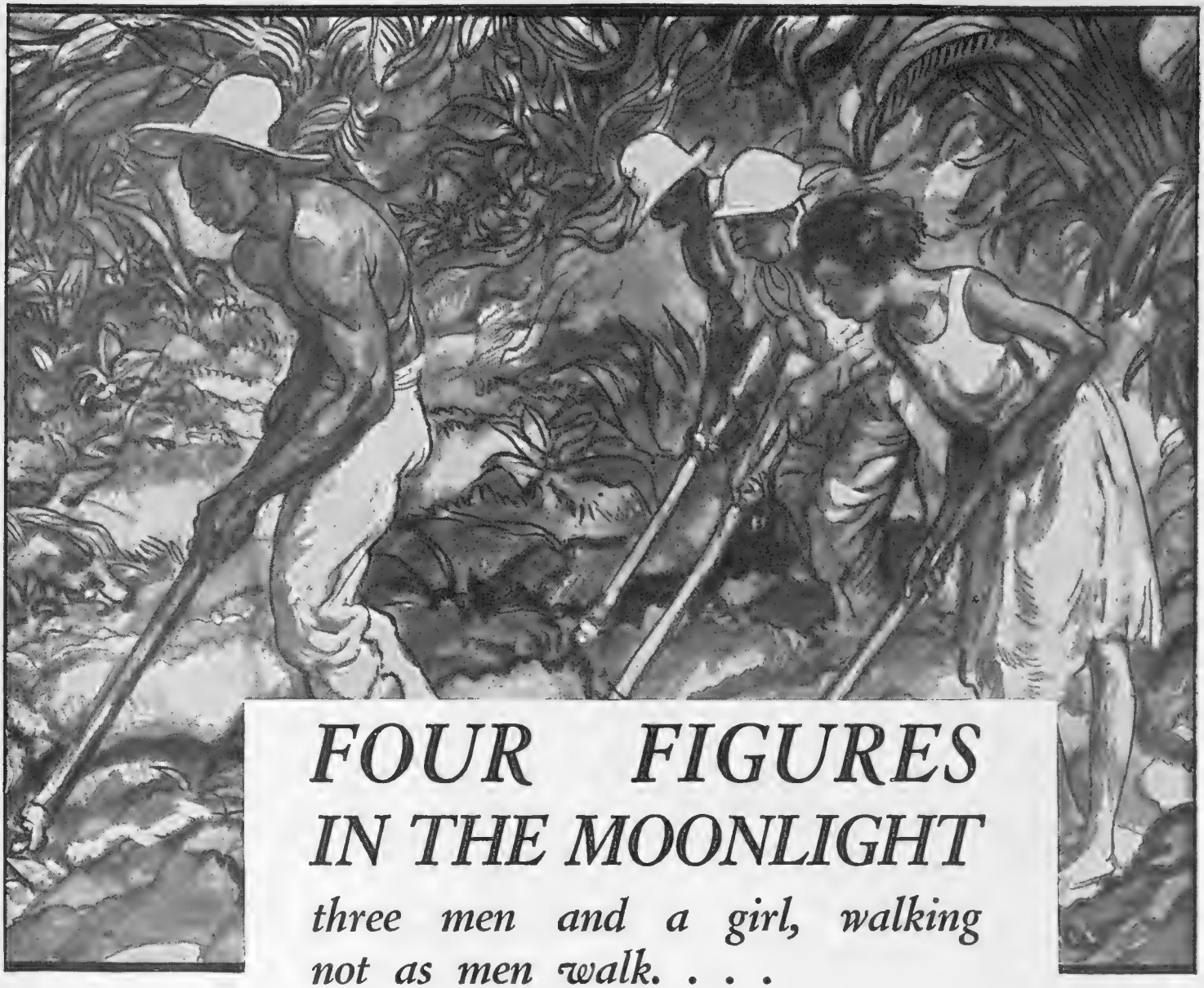

FOUR FIGURES IN THE MOONLIGHT

three men and a girl, walking not as men walk. . . .

One dies, he is buried—but he is not dead, he only sleeps without breathing . . . his people mourn him and bury him and leave him in the grave. Then come the wicked ones and dig him up, he breathes again and lives, yet he is not truly alive . . . for the drug has killed his brain. He can hear and obey but he cannot think, so he can hew wood and draw water and hoe the fields and cut the cane, without thought, without pay . . .

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DEAD GIRL FINOTTE

By H. de Vere Stacpoole

One of the many "likely stories" in the July number of

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The Quality Sale of the Season is now in progress

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To-day and Daily

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PRINTED CHIFFON and GEORGETTE

These fabrics have been the outstanding success of this season. The materials lend themselves to such charming uses, especially for evening dresses, as they are practically uncrushable. Many designs are also suitable for smart race frocks, garden-party dresses, etc. Double width. Usual Prices, 16/11 to 9/11. SALE PRICES **8/11, 10/11** and **12/11.** **6/11**

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A number of fashionable small designs, including colours on beige ground, also black/beige, navy/beige, printed on a nice quality Japanese silk. A real silk foulard at the price of an artificial silk one. 36 in. wide. SALE PRICE **4/11**

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WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it: its admirable effects upon the **general health and condition of the hair,** *and so on; but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' is nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise . . . I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (*Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty"*).

☞ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* **"Facktative"** *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* **FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 25), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this: when the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair and not a dye or stain.

IMPROVES HAIR HEALTH & BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong, luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the **FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 25), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dye or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

SALE of FURS

THE Great Summer Sale is now in progress at this house, and the entire stock comprising thousands of pounds worth of Rich Furs and Fur Coats is being offered at startling reductions. There are Furs of every description, from simple Neck pieces at a few shillings to luxurious Model Coats at Hundreds of Guineas, everything being offered at about Half the usual price. Here we mention just one typical example of the value:—

25 Guinea COAT for £15

The Sketch shows a Lovely Model made in first quality Electric Seal with long roll collar and cuffs of Natural Skunk. Very handsomely lined and perfectly finished throughout. **£15**

Post Orders receive very careful attention. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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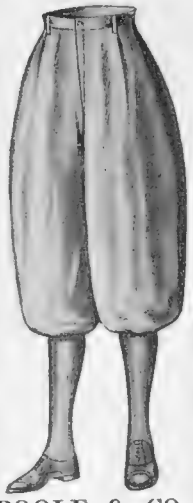
Sports Coat and Plus Fours from **5** Guineas To Order.



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Established 1766.

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B 303

PRETTY NIGHTDRESS IN SOL DE SOIE, a material resembling the best Crêpe de Chine, retaining its lustre after washing. The design of rosebuds on pink or white ground and the Lace yoke are most charming Sale Price **25/9**

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REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. Veet is a perfumed, velvety cream which you apply just as it comes from the tube. In a few minutes rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Entirely satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or money refunded. 1/6 and 3/- a tube at all chemists, hairdressers and stores. *Veet is a British Product of British Quality. Beware of Cheap Foreign Imitations.*

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Exhibition Camera Studies and Anatomical Diagrams for the use of Artists, Students, Sculptors, Designers and others, for legitimate study only.

Prospectus 1/-

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Now Proceeding
Inspection Invited

Printed Shantung Silk Dressing Gowns

of excellent quality. The superb all-over designs, many-hued and striking, on Saxe, Vieux Rose and Black grounds create a distinctive effect. SALE PRICE each **39/11**

Sale Catalogue will be sent post free on request.

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HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. **2/6** or direct—

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THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men and women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength, and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
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WOLVERHAMPTON
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The CASINO Les AMBASSADEURS

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THE BYSTANDER

to ensure prompt attention

HOP and ROSEMARY HAIR TONIC restores the colour to the hair, promotes new growth, and generally improves the condition of the scalp and hair.

Prices **4/6** and **7/6**, from

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HAIR & SKIN SPECIALIST.
Telephone Paddington 0743.

Write for a Booklet.

Directors: Mrs. Lisle Punch
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FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERS

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free.)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, SOLELY devoted BOTH to TREATMENT AND RESEARCH.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR £150,000 for building extensions, the first part of which will be wards for middle-income Patients who can contribute towards their cost.

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

Old and New Ways to Beauty

TURNING over various old notebooks the other day, I came across some quaint old recipes for improving the skin. Apparently in those days women in search of means to preserve their loveliness did not need to look far beyond their own gardens. There would be found a riot of Lad's Love and Ladies' Laces, Virgins' Bowers, Melancholy Gentlemen, and other old-world blossomings, whose very names we have long forgotten: and there these leisured country ladies compounded their fragrant pastes and ointments of rosemary, lupine, cowslips, lavender, tansie, marygold saffron, and other "simple servings" that probably gave them a great advantage in point of complexion over the painted enamelled beauties of the town.

I WAS talking about this the other day with a Spanish friend who happened to be visiting me. She laughed with me over some of the quaint recipes of olden days. "But you know," she said, "they had the right idea. In Spain we have always believed that *natural* oils and extracts are the best things in the world to cleanse and preserve the skin.

"SPANISH women are still using to-day a recipe that is hundreds of years old—just a simple blend of pure olive oil with a very delicate perfume of Spanish wild flowers." And then she went on to tell me how the beauty secrets of old Spain came to be made the foundation of a modern soap. Apparently in olden times, before soap was invented, its place was taken by various scented oils and extracts. As far back as Roman days olive oil was used to cleanse and soothe the skin. Later, the beauties of the Castilian court made it their favourite toilet preparation, and they perfumed it with a very delicate essence that they extracted themselves from the wild flowers of the Sierras. "This soap," my friend explained, "is called Gal, and it really is made from the traditional recipe of Spanish oils and flowers. It has a most intriguing perfume. Very faint, yet somehow it seems to suggest all the sunshine and scented warmth of Spain. There's something tantalising about it, something elusive. I can't explain exactly, but it's simply fragrance and freshness itself. After you've used Gal you feel cool and refreshed all day.

"OF course," she continued, "Gal is not like an ordinary soap. The lather is much smoother and more compact. Some Spanish women use it like this; first working the lather between their fingers till it is thick and fluffy—almost like whipped cream; then with the finger-tips they apply it gently to the skin. Afterwards they rinse it away quickly with warm water, gradually cooled till it is icy. You'd be surprised to see how effectively it soothes and cleanses the skin; how wonderfully soft and fragrant it feels afterwards. It only takes a few minutes altogether, yet it seems to brace and stimulate the skin in the most marvellous way, bringing to life all its own colour and warmth.

'AND so you see," she concluded, smiling, "the women of Spain at any rate have not changed their ideas very much since the days when—like your great grandmother of the note-book—they extracted and blended their own 'cosmeticks' from flowers and fruits they gathered themselves." Certainly her own complexion bore eloquent testimony to the use of natural methods; and I think that many women in this country also will be glad to hear of a way to skin loveliness that is so easy and so effective.

GAL Toilet Soap is obtainable at all high-class chemists, hairdressers and departmental stores. It is only one shilling per tablet, or two and nine for a box of three. If you find it difficult to obtain in your district, send a postcard to Perfumeria Gal (London), Ltd., Dept. B., 76, Strand, W.C.2. They will put you in touch with the nearest retailer who stocks it. ADVT.

Burba's

Couture et Corsetiere-de-Luxe.

BURBA'S have just introduced the latest creations of the Corsetier's art

"New British" CORSETRY

Fashion Foundation Garments designed to impart that inimitable style to the figure so essential to the correct interpretation of the mode.

New inner-belt control.

Featherweight Foundations for Summer Wear a speciality.

Model 983
(Illustrated left).
Pull-on belt in pink satin, sizes 26-33.
Usually 63/- HALF PRICE **31/6**
Postage 6d. extra.

"NEW BRITISH" Model 20551.
A new Belted CORSLETTE for the stout figure—specially cut to give slimming effect—in rayon stripe material, with soft top and reinforced over diaphragm. Bust sizes 36-44. **27/6**
Postage 6d. extra.

BON TON Pull-on Belt.

Following the introduction of "New British" Dress Foundations—we are disposing of our remaining stock of

BON TON CORSETRY
(higher grade of ROYAL WORCESTER)
at exactly HALF PRICE (example illustrated left). Other styles include Five-Guinea Corslettes for **52/6**. Two-Guinea Models for **21/-**, etc., etc.

Expert Corsetiere in Attendance

BURBA LTD., 33, Berkeley Street, LONDON, W.1

Thierry

the recognised leader of shoe fashions.

An exclusive model in Brown Glacé trimmed with Lizard or Python
Price **65/-**

A delightful Court Shoe model in Green Glacé.
Price **55/-**

Thierry

70, Regent Street, London, W.1
And
47, SUSSEX PLACE, S.W.7 *(One minute from South Kensington Station).*

Also at 5, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

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COLISEUM (Charing Cross.) Twice Daily 2.30 and 8. ('Phone Gerrard 7540.)
GRAND INTERNATIONAL VARIETY PROGRAMME.
Managing Director, SIR OSWALD STOLL.

PICCADILLY THEATRE
(Off Piccadilly Circus). DAILY 2 & 8 SUNDAYS 6 & 8.30.
LAST WEEK. CORINNE GRIFFITH as
THE DIVINE LADY. Romance of LADY HAMILTON and LORD NELSON.
First National VITAPHONE Production
Preceded by THE INSEPARABLES.
Coming, DOLORES COSTELLO in THE GLAD RAG DOLL.
All seats bookable in advance. Prices: 2s. 4d. to 8s. 6d. (including tax). Regent 4506.

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Facing the sun and the sea—
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA,
has 100 bedrooms, electric lift, central and electric heating, self-contained suites. A famous chef, best English food and vintage wines add to the general comfort. Inclusive terms from 4½ gns.

AIX-LES-BAINS Smartest French Resort
The leading Hotels in unique situation
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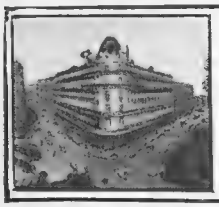

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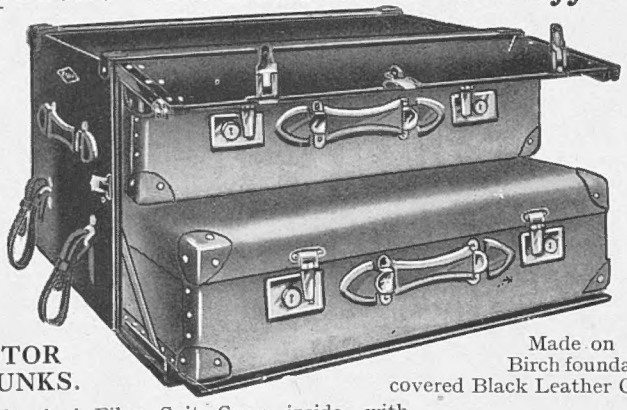

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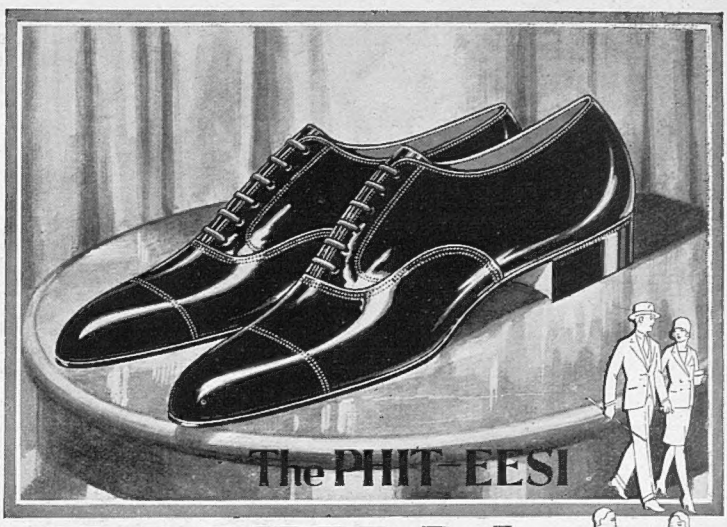

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